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THE SHAH.

THE conglomeration of buildings, passages, courts, and palaces in Teheran, which is denominated the "Ark," is full of life and bustle to-day. Great men of State, surrounded by attendants, are threading their way through its tortuous streets eager to reach the Courtyard in time. Regiments of soldiers are marching from different points of the city to the centre of attraction. The Circassian bodyguard make a smart and military effect as they pass along the great square on their way to their post of honour. Even Afghans and Turkomans, curious and expectant, are trying to obtain permission to enter; negro beggars and Jew girls are running every sort of danger in their attempt to secure alms from the passers-by on this auspicious day, while ambassadors and the few European dignitaries present are escorted with all the pomp of Goulams on horseback to the Hall of Audience, there to be met by the Master of Ceremonies.

This important personage is a very young man (the office is hereditary), and he is naturally nervous and excited. He is clad in the long shawl-like dressing gown, with large pearl links across the breast, which is the Court suit of Persia, and as we enter the first audience chamber he dons the rather awkward-looking but antique head-dress of the Court functionaries. After a few words of welcome, and the stereotyped cup of coffee, we are placed in the charge of another

Court dignitary and lodged in a room overlooking the Court-yard and the central pavilion of the Palace. The crowd is moving with steady progress into the great Courtyard. The spaces round the huge tank, with its waters of turquoise blue (caused by the reflection of the tiles with which it is paved), are being rapidly filled up; the white trunks of the stately Chēnar trees are being gradually obliterated as the masses of people take their places round them. The flat roofs on either side are being crowded by spectators, and at those points nearest to the central pavilion by massed bands. The brightest sun in the world is streaming down on all from a sky of the most delicate blue, while far away in the distance one can distinguish the snowy peaks of the Shim Iran, or Elburz range. At last, at a given signal, the gigantic curtain, which has swayed in the light breeze, across the portico of the Audience Hall, or pavilion, is withdrawn and draped upwards in tent-like folds, and a low murmur passes over the great crowd. A distant band strikes up the Persian national air. Standards and banners float from the crowded roofs, the strain is caught up by other bands, and the Master of the Ceremonies is seen issuing from the doorway which leads to the inner apartments of the Palace. Great dignitaries follow him, a few guards here and there march on either side of the procession, then a great blare of music from every instrument within range is heard, a simultaneous inclination of that vast multitude, and a well-made, square-built figure in black Persian dress issues from the inner portals, and, walking gracefully and with great dignity across the head of the Courtyard, ascends the few steps which lead to the centre of the pavilion. For a minute or so the Shah faces his people; every head is now nearly touching the earth; his keen eye glances over the serried ranks, and, turning on his heel, he seats himself in Persian fashion at the lowest end of the throne, which is a long couch-like piece of furniture of alabaster, supported on four lions made of marble.

It is the festival of the birthday of the King of Kings, and his Majesty is giving audience to his nation on this day, when all may enter his presence. He is a man of considerable physical strength, moderate height, and with what one may call a fiercely handsome countenance, bespeaking great determination and perspicacity, qualities which he possesses to a marked extent. He is dressed in the black frock coat of Persia, and wears the Kolah or tall black cap of Astracan or cloth, with a diamond aigrette of immense size and brilliancy placed in the front. As he sits on his heels on the great throne of Delhi (the story goes that this alabaster chair was taken from the Mogul) beneath the tented hangings of the curtain, with his Kalyan before him, he is an admirable type of the great nomad rulers who have engraved their names in the history of the East.

To-day he appears to one as not only the absolute lord of an Empire, but also as the chief of a great tribe, and instead of being surrounded by the walls and buildings of Teheran, one feels that this scene should take place on some lofty central Asian steppe amid the neighing of countless steeds, the lowing of herds, and the innumerable tents of a great Turkoman horde. The idea is maintained when, after a few moments' silence, a grey-bearded and magnificent old man steps to the front and, after a deep obeisance, proceeds to address his Majesty. This person is the oldest chief of the Khajars, the tribe from whom the present regal race is sprung, and the tribal thought and instinct now dominate the scene. In his oration, which is most flowery, he tells his Majesty of all that has gone on during the past year; he tells him of the crops, of the herds; he thanks him in the name of the tribe for all that he has done for them; and he prays his Majesty to accord his protection and mercy to all men in the coming year, to bless the land, to bring health to the flocks, and to give prosperity to his country, and, in point of fact, to do all that a beneficent and absolute chieftain can or ought to do. The Shah-in-Shah acknowledges his prayer, and

then a poet steps forth and chants a poem couched in eulogistic terms of all his Majesty has done and will do. When he has retired, a legal luminary and high officer of the Court reads a decree on matters of State import, and at every repetition of the name of his Majesty every head is bowed and deep obeisance made. The scene is one never to be forgotten. Its simplicity, its grandeur, and the nomad character so deftly interwoven with the pomp of a civilised state ceremonial combine to create a most marked impression on the mind. Now, however, all is over. The massed bands burst out again into music. Salutes of artillery are fired, and the King of Kings walks back with the same simple procession as before to the inner courts of his palace. The crowd gradually disperses, the beggars are more importunate than ever in their begging, the troops march proudly home again to their quarters, and the loud "Ya Haak" of the fakirs or dervishes resounds once more throughout the streets! The bazaars are soon crowded with sellers and purchasers, and as you push your way home through the busy throng you learn that the day has been most successful, that all has gone well, no evil omens have appeared, and the astrologers are thoroughly satisfied.

What a babble of tongues there is, and what a turmoil in these bazaars or vaulted streets! Everywhere the noise of artisans working at their several trades, the cries of pedlars, the ceaseless chatter of the different Central Asian races that pass through, buying, selling, or sight-seeing, while every now and then the roofs re-echo with words of warning from their drivers as a long train of Khorassan camels march through, or with the yells of the guards in attendance on some fine lady bent on shopping, and mounted on high on a donkey, with henna-dyed legs, tail, and mane. She is jealously watched by her guardian angel, in the shape of a hideous eunuch, walking alongside, although no infidel can possibly realise what she is like, so completely is she covered from head to foot in the street dress of dark blue stuff. How fascinating, also, these open

shops are! Here is the metal-worker, chasing before your eyes the quaint designs peculiar to Persia; there the sweetmeat maker with goods worthy of a Parisian confectioner; while the baker is kneading the flat blankets of bread, which, after successful pounding, he folds gracefully like a toga on his shoulders and steps from his stall to sell; or perhaps the crowd surrounds the armourer's stall, where three or four Afghans, with savage Jewish features, are testing the edges of some swords, and are causing the blood of the timid Persian merchants to run cold by the way in which they twirl these weapons about in their sinewy grasp. You are deeply engaged in watching all this when suddenly you are jerked vigorously from the roadway into one of the adjacent stalls by the friendly arm of your Armenian attendant, who has thus saved you from being ridden over by one of the highest Moollahs in the land, clad in spotless white, with a turban of gigantic dimensions. The holy man is very wroth at the thought that his robes may have touched a dog of an infidel, and visibly spits his disgust as he passes. Following his *cortège*, and taking advantage of the room always made for so potent a personage, is a young nobleman riding a magnificent Arab or perhaps an ungainly but invaluable Turkoman horse. He bears his hooded hawk on wrist, and two or three long-limbed silk-coated Persian greyhounds trot behind, their legs and tip of tail henna tinted for good luck. Game is plentiful near Teheran, and the vast mountain preserves of the Shah teem with wild sheep and ibex, while leopards and gazelles are also fairly numerous. Shall we go to a Tomasha, or shall we accompany his Majesty in one of his hunting tours? The latter for preference, I think, as, if you go to the former, you will only see some very wild but erratic riding, and a great deal of dust, though you may eventually sit down to a charming luncheon and possibly have some music and native dancing afterwards. But if we accompany the Shah we shall see real sport magnificent stalking, and some of the most brilliant rifle shooting possible.

I will choose the Sapphire Palace (a shooting lodge on the verge of the easternmost spurs of Demavend) as my starting place. From the sort of terrace in front of it you look over a low range of swelling and sandy ridges, which reach for some miles to a broad river, the Chargi Rud. Beyond them rise, tier upon tier, the main ranges of Elburz, and to the extreme right towers Demavend, between 19,000ft. and 20,000ft. high, perfectly regular and triangular, with its snow-capped summit glistening in the sun. Behind you are perpendicular cliffs, on which you can see the wild sheep moving unsuspicious of the presence of men, and now and then at early dawn or eventide the massive and curious horns of an ibex are outlined *en silhouette* against the sky. Such is the position of this perfect shooting box, actually some five or six miles from a populous town. When a day's shooting has been decided upon, the Shah leaves his lodge on horseback early in the morning, accompanied by a small retinue, among whom the most noticeable figure is the Mirakhor, or Lord of the Manger (practically the Master of the Buckhounds of Persia). This most interesting dignitary has charge of all the Royal stud. He looks after the greyhounds and the hawks, and on these special hunting occasions is *the* person of consequence. He is certainly a wonderful old man—I was told he was seventy-five, and yet he is still as active and as keen as a boy. Perched high upon his Persian saddle, and riding a horse of admirable stamp and quality, with most extraordinary walking and cantering powers, he seems able to go for ever. He wears a quaint hunting costume, reminding one of the pictures of old French sportsmen, a longish Persian frock coat, high boots over the knees, and a regular hunting cap with a peak that can be pulled round or off if required, with a telescope slung across his shoulders. Away go the hunting party, the Mirakhor leading. After an hour's riding or so up wind, in whatever district may have been selected for the day's sport, a halt is made, the old man is off his horse in a minute, his glass out of its case, and he is spying the ground like an ordinary Scotch

stalker. A few murmured words explain that wild sheep or ibex have been sighted. Part of the retinue remain where they are, the Shah, the Mirakhor, and one or two chosen attendants, generally the sons of the Mirakhor, both splendid young fellows and fine sportsmen, start in the direction of the game. It is then marvellous to see the wonderful stalking powers of the old man. He winds in and out mid the barren and trackless ridges; down precipices that seem almost impassable, up shingle slides, and round rocks that beetle over depths below, which make one shiver as one looks down from the saddle and realises that one false step of your horse would send you to death, till at last he stops, holds up his hand, dismounts, and one of the attendants takes the Shah's horse and the rifle is produced from its case. They are now on the very backbone of some mighty ridge, perhaps 6,000ft. or 8,000ft. above the sea, the sun is streaming down, and the keen, rarefied air is trying to the lungs, and even sight, owing to its intense crispness and the clearness of the atmosphere.

A few steps forward and the Mirakhor crouches down and slowly moves to the verge; one quick glance reassures him, and beckoning to his Imperial master he places the loaded weapon in his hand. The Shah is now in his element; a splendid sportsman, big game shooting is his one great passion, and every Englishman must readily feel with and for an Eastern potentate who, unlike so many of his brother sovereigns, despising the effeminacy and the miserable *dolce far niente* of Eastern life, takes his pastimes like a man, loving horse, hound, and rifle as well as any Briton of us all. He crawls with the utmost care to the edge of the ravine, and there, 150 yards below, lies the old ibex that has lately been seen so often by the watchers and proclaimed as having an unparalleled head. It is a moment of intense excitement. The ibex lies half asleep in the sun, on a ledge of rock, unsuspicious and confident in his safety, surrounded as he is by his wives, and safe, as he thinks, like a good Persian

ought to be at midday, in his "Anderoon." Slowly the muzzle of the rifle is pushed forward on to a projecting point of rock, and a glove of leather, to give a steady rest, is noiselessly placed between it and the barrels by the deft hand of the Mirakhor. The Shah takes aim and fires. The ibex springs high in air and falls headlong from his perch. With a shout the mounted attendants below gallop round the shoulder of the ridge. The rest of the frightened herd turn, after the manner of all wild goats, up the mountain, and in a few bounds are abreast of the Royal sportsman, heading upward to the inaccessible crags above. A quickly placed right and left bring down an old she-goat and a fine young buck, and the day's sport is over as far as ibex are concerned. The beautiful head of the old male is brought from below and duly admired, and the cavalcade turn down the mountain to try for leopard in the grassy ravines of the lower ground. Two or three of the small coverts are beaten unsuccessfully, but just as evening is coming on, one of the mounted guards warns them that some beast is moving in the patch of jungle that the horsemen are working through. His Majesty gallops rapidly to the spot, and in a few minutes the long yellowish form of the Persian leopard creeps from among the grass and canters up the hill. Like lightning the Shah is off his horse, his rifle in hand; the distance is great, but a well calculated sighting shot gives him the range, and the left hand barrel plumps a bullet with a thud behind the shoulder. Over he goes, and with racing speed the Mirakhor is on the spot where the beast fell. But the leopard is dead, and no *coup de grâce* is wanted, so while waiting till his master arrives, the old man can think over the bag and safely lay the flattering unction to his soul that he has given a fine day's sport to the Lord of Iran. The mimic war is not, however, waged against ibex, leopard, or wild sheep only. Bear and tiger have fallen to his Majesty's weapon, and many are the tales told among the wild mountaineers how the Shah-in-Shah has

stood alone and faced the most savage brutes—calm, cool, and collected—when his attendants had fled like curs.

Such traits endear the person of their King to the more robust spirits in Persia, while the rough justice dispensed and the clemency accorded where the King's perspicacity has penetrated that duplicity of action and thought which, I am grieved to say, is a prominent feature among certain races in Persia, have undoubtedly produced the affection with which he is regarded by his people. The enormous extent of his dominions, the diverse nationalities he rules over, and the fact that, though an absolute monarch, he cannot be held responsible for the action of his Governors who live hundreds of miles from Teheran, and whose seats of government cannot be reached without days of severe travel, must account for many of the grave difficulties a ruler so situated encounters in attempting to keep order, do justice, or improve the condition of his people. It is most hard for any European to realise the system of travelling that at present exists in Persia. Let me give a short account of the journey from the sea-board on the Caspian to Teheran. We will travel "Charpa," or by post. Having rowed for eight or nine hours across the lake of Enzeli, a fairly good road if the weather has been dry conveys you to Resht. There the Goulam who has taken you in charge, and you are very fortunate if such an attendant is provided, will have ready five or six wiry little horses. Your luggage (it must be light and durable) is tied on to two of them, and the rest are mounted by yourself, the Goulam, and the post-boys. The baggage beasts are turned loose, a long "e-e-e" is grunted by the Goulam, the post-boy dashes to the front, the baggage horses follow him, and away you go at full gallop. The winding streets of Resht, knee deep in dust or water, as the case may be, are left behind, and we canter on through groves of pomegranate, mulberry, and orange, with a background of tall forest trees of a semi-tropical type. Deep drains bound the road on either hand, out of which water snakes and tortoises crawl as you pass into the swampy ground

beyond. Quaint thatched and wattled cottages are stuck among the woods and in the clearings, while the sad-faced Ghilanese, with their Chinese habit of carrying bundles on both ends of a long stick placed across the shoulder, meet you, and scuttle out of your headlong course. Every now and then the pigmy cattle of the country, with their quaint humped shoulders, crash through the thickets, alarmed at the cries of your post-boy, until you arrive at the first post-house. Sharp is the word here, and out comes a relay of fresh horses and off you go once more. The woods now close in on every side, and the habitations disappear except where here and there a hamlet is placed in a clearing or open space. You will now see before you the range of mountains you have to cross, and as night comes on the fireflies begin to dart among the trees, the tracks and banks on either side are studded with glow-worms, and if luck is on your side you may hear and tremble at the roar of the rough-haired tiger of Ghilan echoing from the recesses of the forest. On, on, up ledge-like stairs, graven in the live rock by the passage of horses and mules during centuries of time, across the dry beds of mountain streams, now high up amid woods, and along the edge of the Safeed Rud, now skirting its foaming waters and even sometimes wading through its stream. Now over the first bare hills, that lead from the woodland to the mountain, then across plateaus where no track is noticeable, trusting in your guide, and thankful to the moon that shows at fitful intervals the grey horse on which he is mounted, and which you follow with keenest anxiety and care. On, on, on, up and up. You have forgotten or care little now about those baggage horses staggering under your portmanteaus in the rear. Is not the faithful Ali behind them, whipping and "c-c-ing" to his heart's delight? All you have to do is to follow your leader as best you may. At last Rustemabad and a halt, a little food, "chay," perhaps a "kabab" or two, and off again.

Away over mountain passes, across sandy plains, we gallop, —"Yallah," "Yallah"— until at last Aghhibaba is reached.

There, joy of joys, a carriage is in waiting. We bundle in, and about seven o'clock p.m. the following day, stiff, sore, and sleepy, but proud of our rapid "journey," we arrive at Teheran. Such is "Charpa" as opposed to caravan, or the really luxurious but leisurely system of travel most adapted to the East. Why do not more of those adventurous beings, the British tourists, make Persia a holiday ground? Nothing is more charming than a wander by caravan in that land of varied scenery and interest. A few good mules, a steady guide, and an attentive Goulam will enable you to visit in comfort and with perfect ease the wild mountains of Ghilan and Mazandran; or if you are bent on seeing the architectural but decadent beauties of the East, and desire to study the commercial aspect of Persia's possible progress, you can turn to the south, to the great plains which stretch towards Hamadam, to the towns of Ispahan, and across the mountains to Shiraz, or, going westward again, you can see all that is fairest of ancient Armenia, and enter on the debatable land that lies between Persia, Turkey, and Russia. Inquire there into the Kurdish question and return by way of Ararat (the mountain of the Ark) through the land of Schamyl to Tiflis and Batoum, on the Black Sea. But if fond of politics, shape your course for Khorassan, mark where the great White Czar is pushing his legions into the heart of Asia, and to the confines of that Land of Promise, where so many Eastern nations have met their destiny, and in which Providence may yet determine the fate of two great Western Powers.

I wonder if Englishmen yet realise at all the great drama in our history of which the scene is laid on the confines of Persia or perhaps within her boundaries, and in which Russia and ourselves must be the actors. The situation is as follows. Russia dominates the whole Persian frontier from the Caspian to Sarakhs, and pratically to Herat. The one wish and object of Russia is naturally to get to a Southern sea, and already attempts are being made by her agents to reproduce or rather

resuscitate the ancient trade route that ran from Sarakhs southward to the old towns of Khaf, Kerman, &c., down to Bounder Abbas on the Gulf of Persia. That is one objective point, and the question is, What would be our position in the first instance as regards trade with Persia if Russia obtained a footing in the Gulf itself? I do not think English people know the extent of that trade, nor do they understand how deeply we are interested in maintaining it. The figures from the consular report, the latest I have at hand, indicates this at a glance. The value of exports from Bushire, on the Persian Gulf (which is practically now a British lake), to England, India, and her Colonies, amounted to £437,179 in the years 1884 and 1885; while the imports to Persia from England, India, and her Colonies were of the value of £1,408,766 during the same years. The import trade between Persia and other countries is diminishing, while that with England is increasing. The shipping traffic returns, which are almost as interesting, indicate how large and serious an interest England has in preserving her supremacy in the Gulf. The number of British steam vessels that entered and cleared during those years from the Persian ports (Bushire, &c.) was about 107, with a tonnage of 102,000 tons, as against six French steamers, with a tonnage of 6,129 tons. Clearly, therefore, it is our business and to our advantage to check any development of Russian policy to the south of Khorassan which might endanger our Gulf commerce. Again, from a strategical point of view, the question is of deep import to us: once a Russian fleet existed in those waters, Kurrachee, Bombay, &c., would all run danger of capture. It may be asked, how is Russia to bring troops, commissariat, &c., to Bounder Abbas? The answer is that Russia has already advanced by rail in a southerly direction as far as Sarakhs, that a commercial route, as I said before, has existed from time immemorial to the Gulf. This road is easy of access, and I believe the engineering difficulties for pushing a railway over it are not great; it would skirt

Beloochistan and India, and it would place the whole of northern Central Asia in direct touch with the sea. It would pass through a country full of resources and pass several large and industrial towns. Russia by its means would tap and secure the services of thousands of magnificent nomad horsemen (the appearance of the White Czar's troops on the Persian littoral would prove in the opinion of all Easterns in those districts and in Arabia opposite that the reign of the British was at an end), and it would only require a combined movement on a large scale (such as the enormous masses of men which constitute the Russian army are quite equal to), from the Caucasus in the west, through Asia Minor down the Euphrates Valley, and also from Merv and Sarakhs in the east, along the line I have indicated, to obliterate Persia from the map and force upon us the necessity of defending India, not on the frontier of Beloochistan, but actually on the line of the Indus, and even at the seaports of Kurrachee and Bombay.

It must be remembered that Russia is pushing her railways from the north and from the west to certain central points in Asia. The southern junction of these points at present is near Sarakhs, while Samarcand represents the more northern and eastern. The object of making these strategical lines is apparent, and the objective points that I have indicated are easily noted if the map of Central Asia and India is glanced at. The policy of the great Northern Empire is true policy, because it is steadfast and distinct ; slowly but surely Russia is marching, or rather, flowing, on to India, and one by one the ramparts round that Empire we have won at such cost are going down ; but we have still two left, Afghanistan and the Southern Provinces of Persia. It may be that whenever war breaks out, the more northern lands of that country will be seized on by her powerful neighbour, but that will not affect the progress or existence of Persia, or further to any great extent the future policy of Russia. But it is our bounden

duty, if only from self-interest, to maintain intact the other provinces of that kingdom. If we can succeed in this, if we can indicate a consistent policy and adhere to it, we shall have our Royal guest of this month as a strong ally and valuable confederate; while the very hordes of free horsemen, who would rush blithely on India at the dictation of Russia, would, if ordered by their legitimate sovereign and backed up by British bayonets, attack as eagerly and as vigorously the grey coated soldiers of the Czar. The Persian soldiers, as several of our generals have said, if well led, are capable of being made into excellent troops, and there exists in the mountain ranges which border on Persia a vast fund of fighting power ready to be utilised by whatever nation proves itself the most reliable and the strongest.

I believe our politicians, especially in India, and our generals both here and in that country, are alive to these serious facts. Will the British public try to realise the situation also? It is sickening and absurd to read the garbled accounts that are spread abroad in some of the newspapers and periodicals as to the visit of the Shah to this country; the ludicrous tales of his habits, and the tissue of falsehoods that are served up about him and his Empire, are not only injurious to the political aims of our best statesmen, but are slurs on our national courtesy and chivalry of spirit. The Shah is in many respects a great man; he is the powerful ruler of a kingdom comprising diverse and dangerous elements and composed of many nationalities and tribes; he has played a most difficult game in an able manner, and he has maintained so far the integrity of his Empire against serious odds. He lives fearlessly amongst his people, unsurrounded, as are so many sovereigns, by guards and police spies. He is a true sportsman and a brave chieftain, while the courtesy and hospitality he has always shown to Englishmen should surely gain him the respect and goodwill of all the inhabitants of this country.

CASTLETOWN
(Of Upper Ossory).

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

PART I.

AT a dinner in the Inner Temple Hall which has become historical, Sir Charles Wetherell told Lord Lyndhurst that he must not suppose, because he had ceased to be Lord Chancellor for the third time, that he could contemplate the end of his life with equanimity and in peace; for that beside him sat his noble and biographical friend, Lord Campbell, who had added a new terror to death. 'Death does not need new terrors; life does not need fresh melancholy; but to live long is to survive our friends, and to write about them is to bring back the memory of delights which can recur no more, and to look from the western sky into the east behind us which seems cold and grey now that the light of the sun has forsaken it. Three times now in the space of little more than a year has it fallen to my lot to try to record something of three lifelong friends, Northcote, Shairp, and Arnold, whose lives made the world happier and better, and by whose deaths many a home is sadder, and the world itself is poorer. Do what one will, therefore, it must be a melancholy business, and any one who wants amusement had better read no further, but pass on to the next paper.

The time has not arrived when a life of Matthew Arnold can be written. He himself wished that it never should. At any rate it will not be attempted here; nor even any complete estimate of the various powers, the rare, delicate, and refined genius, whether displayed in poetry, criticism, or philosophy, which were the outward adornment of a heart as warm, a nature

as simple, a whole character as noble, as I have ever known. "Every fine thing is unique," said Constable speaking of pictures; perhaps one might slightly deflect the phrase, and say that any man unique, as Matthew Arnold, can hardly fail of being admirable too. A man, however, so remarkable, if he is to be portrayed at all, can be so only by a first-rate portrait painter.

The eldest son of a great man, he enjoyed no doubt certain advantages in his early training. He came to the school, where we were together before we went to our respective public schools, a little fellow full of cleverness, and I do not say forced, but certainly unusually forward. To say, by heart, for example, whole pages of Burke's speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, and to say them with real intelligence and appreciation, was certainly out of the common way in a boy of no more than seven or eight years old; and I do not doubt that to the constant intercourse with his father, and to the example of moral and religious earnestness which his father constantly presented, was owing to some extent that unbending sense of duty, that unvarying steady teaching of the value and importance of conduct, that high standard of life and morals, which is to be found in every line he ever wrote. On such things his judgment is always sound, there is no paltering with vice because those who practise it stand high in the world or are rich in mental gifts.

It may well be, it probably was, that in these things, things undoubtedly of the first importance, his early home training influenced him for life, and influenced him for good. It is not so certain that it was in all ways beneficial. Readers of Dr. Arnold's letters, in Dean Stanley's Life, will readily believe that he did not cordially recognise the genius of his son, that of the humour and delightful persiflage of the son the father was not a very genial judge; that there was between them that "imperfect sympathy" which Charles Lamb has so delicately described, the fertile source of misunderstanding, the ground for much mistaken judgment. Stories are told, not to

be repeated here, of the austere literalness with which Dr. Arnold restrained the lively sallies of his son, and showing that he could not see, and if he had seen that he would not have approved of, those traits which were in truth but the clothing, to those who knew them well the charming and attractive clothing, of a noble, sincere, and most affectionate nature. In trouble, from which Dr. Arnold was not exempt, he found out the sterling worth of his son ; and before his death the great though somewhat stern man did justice to one who his whole life long honoured the memory of his father with the undeviating and hearty loyalty of a devoted son.

The training of Dr. Arnold, most valuable at that period of our public school education, produced a type of boy who took all things in earnest, referred all things to first principles, looked down with complacent superiority upon the "young barbarians all at play" who surrounded him from other schools, was terribly self-conscious and impressed with the duty of displaying the advantages of a Rugby education, and had, as his enemies said, the faintest indications of a tendency to be a prig. It may, with the utmost possible respect, be doubted whether the grim prose and want of humour in Dr. Arnold were qualities best fitted to deal with such a nature as his son's, to draw out and inform its noblest gifts, and to correct its defects, if defects it had. Anything less like the received type of Rugby boy than Matthew Arnold when he came to Oxford it would be difficult to imagine, and in him the child was father of the man : in all essentials he remained unchanged till he was lost to us a year ago.

It is so recently that I tried to put before the readers of one of our monthly magazines in some feeble outline the influences which were at work at Oxford and in Balliol when Matthew Arnold was one of the scholars (for he was a very close contemporary of John Campbell Shairp), that I will not re-attempt it here. It is enough to say that the influences were the same, and that they acted upon his receptive nature with even less

resistance than on Shairp's. Perhaps his father's hearty veneration for Wordsworth, their near neighbourhood in Westmorland, and consequent personal intimacy, rendered him more accessible to the influence of Wordsworth's poetry; while Dr. Arnold's personal controversy with Cardinal Newman, and his extreme dislike to Newman's teaching, made his son less open to that great influence than he might otherwise have been. But he brought from Oxford a refined scholarship, a love of Greek and Latin literature, and especially an admiration for Aristotle and Bishop Butler, which remained with him to the end, and of which the constant references to Aristotle and the careful paper on Bishop Butler were, to those who knew him, by no means the clearest and strongest proofs. His career at Oxford though distinguished (a good degree, a prize, an Oriel Fellowship), was no wonder of University brilliancy. But he was felt to be capable of more than he achieved, and was well known for the gay courage with which he even then avowed opinions however unpopular, and clothed in jest and banter convictions which were neither light nor transient. The readers of his poetry do not need to be told with what tender fidelity he cherished the affections and the memories of those youthful days. His father and his brother are commemorated in verses which will not die; and if Thyrsis cannot stand by the side of Lycidas (in its own way, in spite of Dr. Johnson, what poem can?), at least Arnold had in Arthur Clough a friend such as no trifler could have possessed, and a subject who fills his elegy with a great and pathetic personality, wanting to Milton's glorious verses, of which Mr. King was but the occasion.

Soon after his course at Oxford came to an end, he became secretary to the second Marquis of Lansdowne, who was at that time President of the Council; and after a short service in that capacity, he was appointed by Lord Lansdowne Inspector of Nonconformist Schools; a post which he held till within a short time of his death, and the duties of which he performed, not perfunctorily, not even with such regularity as perfectly to satisfy

the requirements of his office, but with a zeal, conscientiousness, and ability, which extorted praise from even unfavourable judges, and showed that strong and abiding sense of duty by which, as I have said, every action of his life was guided. It was not a post naturally congenial to him, but he filled it as if it were; and he became a real and great authority on matters of education, his Reports (very wisely collected, and in substance republished) being not only excellent pieces of literary composition (that was a matter of course), but full of facts well arranged and attractively presented, and of pregnant suggestions, some of which have already borne fruit, and some will bear it in the not distant future. There were many things in the system he had to administer of which he has recorded his disapproval; but he recognised the duty of a subordinate to obey orders, and he made the best of the system, while never disguising his opinion that it might be made much better by those who had authority to make it.

Few things, I have been told, were more interesting, few more delightful, than to see Matthew Arnold inspecting a school of little children. They soon got over their fear of him, and he seemed to rejoice in bringing out what they knew by questions kindly and genial, but searching too; helping the stupid and encouraging the modest, while without satire or sarcasm he repressed and silenced the conceited and the vain. I never saw this, and repeat only what I have heard; but nothing more touched him, and nothing was in itself more touching, than the address which was presented to him on his retirement from office by the teachers of both sexes whose schools he had so long inspected, whose work he had known and helped, and whose reverential gratitude towards himself was the best repayment he received for the faithful discharge of a difficult and thankless office.

On his appointment to it he was married to the lady who survives to mourn him, but beyond the simplest record of the fact there must here be silence. Those admitted to the intimacy

of that home will, if they were worthy of it, hold their peace as to all that made up its strange and peculiar charm. This much perhaps may be permitted. He lived for some years in London and at Harrow; but for many years before his death the outward conditions of his life were for a man like him almost perfect. His house beautifully situated on the banks of the Mole (to which his lawn sloped down, with a noble ailanthus about a hundred and fifty years old guarding and adorning but not overshadowing it), not large indeed, but with rooms sufficient to contain his choice books and for the select and refined hospitality to which it was a privilege to be admitted; his small fields, his bright garden, his little coppice sacred to the graves of Geist and other favourites; the view across the Mole of the upland sweep of Pain's Hill crowned with the magnificent and memorable cedars celebrated by Horace Walpole: all these things made a fit setting for the genius they enshrined, and, to use Mr. Hallam's language, "finely touched the sympathies of the soul with outward nature." And if it is added that those who lived in the house were worthy of its master, and loved him as he loved them, as much has been said as it is becoming to set down.

During the whole of his life, almost from the time he left Oxford up to the time of his death, Mr. Arnold, in such intervals as his official work left him, was a constant though not a voluminous writer both in verse and prose: Admirable in literary form as his prose is (his style indeed grew steadily with his years in power and beauty), and valuable to us of this day as is much of the thought and criticism contained in his prose compositions, it is to his Poems we must look to secure him a place among the Immortals. Nothing lives but literary excellence, and even literary excellence cannot survive the decays of time if it has been expended upon subjects either in themselves not of the highest importance, or, although important, of temporary interest and importance only.

Mr. Arnold did not become acquainted with Lord Bolingbroke's works till late in life and on the recommendation of a

friend ; and though he was fascinated, as everyone is who reads them, by their faultless style, he observed that the general neglect of Lord Bolingbroke as an author is to be explained by the temporary and partisan subjects on which he employed his splendid powers. *Materiem superabat opus.* In criticism, in politics, in theology, each age has its own masters, its own tone of thought, its own point of view ; in a word, its own spirit. Men do not greatly care for, do not really read, authors on those subjects of a bygone age whom time has antiquated or superseded, and on whose shoulders, perhaps gigantic, their successors, perhaps pygmies, are lifted to views wider and higher, and carried forward to conclusions which but for such aid they would have never reached. Giants remain giants and pygmies are pygmies still ; but the imaginative insight of the great spirits of one generation becomes the indolent and accepted belief of the commonplace men of another. Aristotle, Plato, Cicero, Lucretius,* Spinoza, Butler, Hume, Pascal in a sense survive, but the mass of philosophers, of critics, of theologians (except for purposes of religious controversy), are like the half-dead king in the Arabian Nights, or are perhaps galvanized into an unnatural and passing vitality by some clever or learned man who protests with all the passion of a discoverer that to some half-forgotten or generally unread writer the true secret of man's life and destiny was long ago revealed.

With poetry it is very different. Good poetry appeals to the imagination, and, like the imagination, it never dies. No one disputes that this is obviously true of the greatest poets. Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakspere—their laurels are as fresh as when they wore them, their verses as living as when they uttered them.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius—

Si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo—

* I speak here, of course, of Lucretius as the philosopher, not the great poet.

> Not marble, nor the gilded monument
> Of Princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme—

say three of the Immortals, and we know they say true. But this truth is not limited to such men as these, no, nor even to the very great men—the Greek Tragedians, Lucretius, Milton, Jonson, Ford, Racine, Molière, Spencer, Dryden, Pope, and the rest less great perhaps than the very greatest, but less great only than they. No really good poetry ever dies. The Elysian Fields in Pindar's Threni, the Danaë, of Simonides, the ode of Sappho, the elegiacs of Callimachus, many poems of Catullus, some of Propertius and Ovid, the Sleep of Statius, the Achilles and Chiron in the Achilleis, Claudian's Old Man of Verona, the noble opening of the invective against Rufinus, the Statues of the two brothers at Catina, the Rose of Ausonius (if it be his): these and a hundred more will live as long as men remain who can read Greek and Latin. And in English and Scottish, Gray's Elegy, Collins's odes, Wolfe's Sir John Moore, Tam o' Shanter, pieces of Herrick, Waller, Lovelace, Sedley, Tom Moore, Hood, Bryant—the catalogue might be endless: these will never die, and centuries hence will as certainly be read as the English language will last in which to read them; and it seems certain that Matthew Arnold's poems will live; that is, will be read, and re-read, and learned by heart, while Englishmen are capable of feeling refinement of thought and perfection of expression.

It is not certain that though not a voluminous writer his poems will live or be read in their integrity. Neither is it certain that those poems which are now most highly and most generally praised by the critics are those which will live the longest. Speaking broadly, as only in such a matter it is possible to speak, his poems are of three sorts: dramatic or semi-dramatic, such as Merope and Empedocles; poems not of reflection but of narrative or picture such as The Forsaken Merman, Mycerinus, Tristram and Iseult, The Church of Brou, Sohrab and Rustum; and poems of meditation and introspection, Thyrsis, Obermann, Rugby Chapel, and a multitude of others, forming the larger

portion of his writings, that by which he is now best known, and for which he is now most widely and generally admired. The dramatic poems, notwithstanding the wonderful beauty of parts of Empedocles (the Cadmus and Harmonia stanzas and the magnificent chorus with which it ends), cannot as dramatic poems be called successful. By those who make present fame the poems in the third class are preferred to the rest. They give clear and perfect utterance to the pathetic doubt, the unrest, the sadness of the time. All our greatest poets, with the exception of Wordsworth, are poets of melancholy and fear. All our great original thinkers, except one who has anchored himself on the rock of St. Peter, are in doubt as to the future, or ask for proofs which cannot be given them. Mr. Arnold feels their influence. Resignation, endurance, courage to face what there is no escaping, not hope, not faith, is what he bids men strive for. Keep innocency, and take heed to the thing which is right because it is right and your conscience bids you, is his moral creed. Poem after poem directly or indirectly enforces this view of human life: "On to the bound of the waste, on to the City of God," says he in a well-known poem; "Life in God and union there," he says in another; and indeed of such expressions his poems are full; but it is plain, even if he had not himself written, "Creeds pass, rites change, no altar standeth whole," that he was the holder of no dogma, the believer in no Articles, "be they thirty-nine or be they forty-nine I care not," as he would possibly have said, in a somewhat different sense, no doubt, from Mr. Canning's famous country gentleman.

Some of the poems of this class are among the finest things he ever wrote: terse, melodious, clear, but profoundly melancholy, "disclosing a ground-tone, a calm which is not calm but agony." It is difficult to overpraise their style or to overstate the skill with which, while remaining individual, they have caught and reflected the tone of thought of the gravest and most independent minds who have lived and written in the latter half of this century. Nay, more, they have brought strength and com-

fort to many minds struggling through mists of stifling doubt under a sky to them at least dark and empty. The manly courage, the appeal to what is best and highest in us, the one great duty they inculcate, so to live that the world shall be the better for our life; these things have touched an answering chord in many a heart, and have made Matthew Arnold to the inner life of some of his contemporaries what John Keble was, and perhaps is, to others differently minded and differently brought up.

All this is true, and yet the mood of this time will not last for ever, any more than the mood of other ages has lasted, or the mood of future centuries will last. When at the close of the first thousand years from Christ, "the heaven all gloom, the wearied earth all crime," men thought that Satan was unchained, and that they saw the literal fulfilment of one of the awful visions of the Apocalypse, the poetry of that day reflected the belief and embodied such austere consolation as the belief permitted. But that passed; and so did the temper which made Donne popular and Herbert and Vaughan and Crashaw; so did that which found its best literary expression in the poetry of Cowper; so is that passing which is embalmed for future time in the Christian Year, and the Lyra Innocentium. And with the mood or temper which is transient dies the life of the finest poetry which expresses it, as the stateliest tree ceases to grow and flourish if its roots reach at last an alien and uncongenial soil. So also with the changing moods of man, his varying beliefs, his endless succession of feelings and impressions; that which embodies one of them fails to find acceptance or even comprehension from another, and ceases to be read because it ceases to interest. These noble poems of Matthew Arnold will probably therefore not be in any real sense immortal, not from any defect of their own, but from the inherent mortality of their subjects.

It is otherwise with those poems in which he has dealt with narrative or emotion, touching in them, as some think, the

highest points of imaginative beauty; handling those emotions of the heart which can never cease to appeal to us while human hearts exist, and facts of life, whether actual or imaginary, which can never fail to interest because such facts can never fail to be repeated; handling them, too, in verses metrically perfect, and of a melody strange and bewitching indeed, and the more remarkable when it is remembered that his ear for music (though better than his father's, who had none) was yet dull and imperfect. These indeed are not of an age but for all time; no time can stale, no custom wither, the pathetic tenderness of The Forsaken Merman, the wayward passionate beauty of Tristram and Iseult, the severe dignified splendour of Mycerinus. These are but examples, others have been mentioned earlier in this paper, and though it is never safe to be a prophet unless you can yourself fulfil the prophecy you utter, yet it is hard to believe that Englishmen will ever be found wanting to appreciate the serene and delicate beauty of these poems, or to refuse to their author a seat in the company of great English poets. What does it matter in such poems as these that the facts are unhistorical? So is Virgil, so is Milton, so is Dante, so is Shakspere; and the Iliad and Odyssey will never die, if it were capable of being proved to the satisfaction even of Mr. Gladstone that Homer never lived, that there was no Trojan War, that Achilles and Agamemnon and Briseis were made of the same stuff as Jupiter, and Juno, and Apollo. The beauty of these poems is surely undying. Quotation would be endless, but one must be permitted, of rare beauty and perhaps not very generally known.

> As when some hunter in the spring hath found
> A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
> Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,
> And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
> And followed her to find her where she fell
> Far off; anon her mate comes winging back
> From hunting, and a great way off descries
> His huddling young left sole; at that he checks

His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
Circles above his eyrie, with loud screams
Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far stony gorge, out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers; never more
Shall the lake glass her flying over it;
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by

His own estimate of his poems was singularly modest; he felt, he could not but feel, their beauty and refinement, but he did not think them fitted for popularity, and he had too much dignity of character, too high a respect for art to follow after popularity by methods which did not approve themselves to his literary judgment. Once his poems were reviewed by an intimate friend in a spirit which the reviewer soon bitterly repented; but though Matthew Arnold discovered his critic, and could not but dislike his criticism, it never interposed even the thinnest cloud between the friends. He took a natural pleasure in praise if it came from any one he respected; and he could maintain his own opinion of his work, and defend himself if necessary, but never with heat or obstinacy. "It is pleasant," he said, "to hear what they say of Geist and Mathias. It would be disagreeable to be told that the old fellow was writing on, not seeing that his powers had departed." He was told by a friend that his poem on Arthur Stanley was by no means equal to the one on Arthur Clough; that they were something analogous to the Ode on Immortality, and the Ode on the Power of Sound; one an inspiration, the other an excellent piece of literary work. "Ah!" he said, with a calm smile, "you are quite wrong; one is as good as the other, only you don't care for Stanley as you do for Clough." In the first two editions of Tristram and Iseult, he had made Tyntagil more than once the end of a line, and accented it on the last syllable. It was pointed out to him that this was a mistake, but he refused to be convinced, and quietly maintained the accuracy of his accent, and that his friend did not

know how to pronounce a name he had been familiar with from childhood. When the poem was republished, however, Tyntagil had become Tintàgel, and the accent was corrected. Small stories these, indeed, yet characteristic of the man.

No attempt has been, nor will any be made here, to criticise on scientific principles, or to distinguish with accuracy, the different "manners" exemplified in Mr. Arnold's poems. In the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, and more recently still in a genial and brilliant article in Scribner's Magazine, this has been done with more or less success. Perhaps even in the hands of a critic so consummate as Mr. Arnold himself, this process may be carried too far. Whatever tends to clear what is obscure; to show the conditions of composition so that the character of the man may be better understood, and the objects he pursued better appreciated; nay, whatever aims, as so much of Mr. Arnold's criticism aims, at laying down true principles of judgment, principles of general application to widen and guide the view of intelligent inquiry; in short, whatever helps us to see an author aright, to give us greater pleasure in reading and more gratitude in remembering; all this is most valuable to us, and in the case of a great and original author, we can hardly have too much of it. The case is altered when the great author is not made the subject of respectful comment or general elucidation, but when he is treated as a peg on which to hang dissertations upon art which bear little relevancy to the author, though they display, perhaps, the ingenuity and eloquence of the critic. Of this sort of thing it is very easy to have too much; and to speak the truth, some of us think we have had it. May it be allowed to one who has no pretence to be a critic to hint that most criticism is bad; and to remind his readers that so able a man as Mr. Conington spoke with an air of contemptuous indulgence of the Eclogues of Virgil, and that Sir George Cornewall Lewis said of them (as Dr. Johnson said of Lycidas) that it was only the name of Virgil which induced anyone to believe that there was anything in them. These men were real and great masters;

yet to one not a critic such dicta seem to show that in capacity for feeling exquisite and perfect art they were school-boys, "That thought with them was in its infancy." It would be so pleasant if we might now and then find out for ourselves what we liked without being obliged to know why we liked it ; to admire what seems beautiful, to love what seems lovely, to reverence what seems great and profound, without being obliged in mood and figure, to maintain, at least to argue for, an opinion. Let us lay up stores of noble thought and beautiful expression for the time when we shall be alone with our memories, without being told from what particular treasure-house we must select them, and if we are left to ourselves our memories will be full of Matthew Arnold.

Mr. Hallam, in a noble passage full of that eloquence, of which he was so great but so sparing a master, has enlarged on this *vis medica* of poetry : "Afar from books, in solitude, or in travelling, to feed on poetical recollections, to murmur over the beautiful lines whose cadence has long delighted our ear, to recall the sentiments and images which retain by association the charm that early years once gave them," and thus in youth "to lay the foundation of intellectual pleasure at the other extreme of life." No one familiar from youth to age with the poems of Matthew Arnold will question that these fine words may be justly and truly applied to the creations of his muse, or deny to these creations a soothing and elevating charm which mature judgment sanctions, and familiarity does but increase.

COLERIDGE.

(To be concluded.)

THE EIGHT HOURS' MOVEMENT.

THE movement, to the discussion of which this paper is confined, is the movement for limiting by statute the hours of employment in all industries throughout this kingdom to eight hours per day. To this movement, so far as it relates to adults, whether men or women, I am most decidedly opposed, on the grounds: (1) That it is not, and ought not to be, the business or duty of Parliament to fix the hours during which adults may work. There is a tendency growing, of most dangerous character, and of which this eight hours' movement is part, to look to the Legislature or to the Government to supply immediate remedies for all evils, however arising, in the struggle for existence. (2) That though the shortest hours of labour possible in each industry should be sought by, and are beneficial to, the employed, such hours of daily labour should be the subject of separate negotiation and arrangement in each industry, and such arrangements should be arrived at by mutual discussion and understanding between the employers and the organised employed. (3) That if "eight hours' labour per day" be translated to mean that no works of any description are to be conducted for more than eight hours in each twenty-four hours the giving legal effect to a prohibition of that kind would be certainly ruinous to many of the largest industries in this country. (4) That to prevent men in all kinds of labour from working more than eight hours out of twenty-four may, and in some cases certainly would, involve a serious reduction of the wages hitherto received.

I wish to be clearly understood as being thoroughly and earnestly in favour of shortening hours of labour to the lowest point consistent with the profitable conduct of each industry. I agree with Mr. Thomas Burt, one of the most loyal representatives labour ever sent to the House of Commons, in his statement in the *Contemporary Review* that "at present in some industries the hours are scandalously and injuriously long," and that "in nearly every case" such overlong hours "could, with advantage to everybody concerned, and with injury to none, be greatly reduced." My opposition is to the proposal to make compulsory by statute one set of hours for all conditions of employment. Great difference of opinion exists even amongst the workers themselves as to how short a daily period of labour in each industry is possible, having regard to profitable conduct of the respective undertakings.

I suggest that one most effective way of ascertaining the least number of hours practicable in any industrial enterprise would be by the establishment, in every department of skilled labour, of co-operative production, this being undertaken either directly by the great Trade Unions, or by Workmen's Associations encouraged by trade organisations, and the capital for which co-operative production should in each case be solely or almost entirely found in shares by workers belonging to the trade, and the management of which should be appointed by the shareholding workers, as is now done in the case of co-operative distribution. Men would thus be able to verify under the most favourable conditions the cost of production; they would know the highest profit attainable, the highest wage payable, and the period of exploitation necessary for profit. There is at present some want of clearness as to what is meant amongst the advocates of the eight hours' movement. Mr. Burt, in the article before referred to, states that "at the recent Trades Union Congresses, both at the ordinary and the international, it was abundantly evident that the workmen of the United Kingdom differ widely and

radically on the question of the regulation of the hours of labour." And the difference is not only as to the regulation, that is, whether the regulation shall be mutual or statutory, there is difference as to the number of hours. Mr. William Abraham, M.P., the official representative of the Rhondda Valley miners, has put his view with distinct precision, *i.e.*, that there should only be one shift of eight hours per day. There are others, who write and talk more vaguely, who decline to be bound by all that is involved in the extreme pronouncement of Mr. Abraham, but who do not definitively repudiate his proposal, and who avoid committing themselves in specific words. At the Trades Union Congress at Bradford, Mr. Threlfall, who represents a Labour Electoral Association, proposed an Eight Hours' Bill for coal workers and railway servants. Mr. Keir-Hardie, a Scotch miners representative, moved as an amendment "that eight hours should be the maximum of labour per day for workmen engaged in all trades." Mr. Keir-Hardie added a proviso "that seamen should be included in any measure restricting the hours of labour." The amendment and resolution were each in turn rejected by the delegates assembled at Bradford; but the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Congress was instructed to take a vote of the trades on the two questions:—(1) Are you in favour of an eight hours' working day? (2) Are you in favour of it being obtained by Act of Parliament? I am not aware what answer has yet been given to these queries, but the matter will certainly come up for discussion at the next Trade Congress.

The matter had been previously raised for discussion amongst the Trades Unionists at their Swansea and other Congresses, and in 1887 the Parliamentary Committee was instructed "during the year to obtain a plebiscite of the members of the various Trade Unions of the country upon this important question, and whether, if approved, such reduction of hours shall be brought about by the Trade Unions themselves or by means of an Eight Hours' Labour Bill." In accordance with such instructions the Parliamentary

Committee issued a circular to the various trade societies calling upon them to vote in the matter. The Parliamentary Committee assumed, and I think accurately assumed, that a general eight-hour day enforced by law would certainly lead to a general reduction of wages, for they asked the trades to declare whether they would "be willing to make the necessary sacrifice in the total week's wage which such an alteration might involve." It seems abundantly clear that if in any industry it be now the habit to work nine hours or nine-and-a-half hours or ten hours then the reduction to eight hours must involve either lower wage or increased cost of production, or perhaps both. The Parliamentary Committee's report to the next Congress does not show the result of the voting. The President of the Congress only said "that several of the skilled trades are very divided on the subject, this arising not so much from a dislike to legislative interference as from the difficulties they foresee in applying such a measure to their particular industry."

In the course of the discussion at Bradford, Mr. Wilson—who sat in the House of Commons for the short Parliament of 1886, as a representative of the Durham miners, and who produced a most favourable impression in all quarters of the House by his great ability—asked "what would become of those men who worked less than eight hours a day under an Eight Hours' Bill?" The fact being that the intelligent and well-organised miners of Northumberland and Durham have, without any help from Parliament, already reduced the hours of underground adult labour to less than the proposed eight hours' limit. From a paper prepared by Mr. Ralph Young, the very earnest secretary of the Northumberland miners, it appears that the hours of Northumberland coal-hewers working at the coal-face are six and three-quarters, or about seven hours and a-half bank to bank, and the hours of other underground men are eight hours bank to bank. Thirty-seven years ago the hewers worked from nine to twelve hours a day. These reduced hours both in Durham and Northumberland have been the result

of negotiation and arrangement between the men and the coal-owners. In reply to Mr. Wilson, Mr. Keir-Hardie said "that if there were men who were working six hours a day, and men who were working twelve hours per day, it was an improvement to have them all working eight hours per day." Whether the men who have already won shorter hours without statute would quietly consent to have their day's labour lengthened by Parliamentary enactment is a point on which Mr. Keir-Hardie was not interrogated.

Mr. Chapman and Mr. Kell, delegates from boot and shoemakers, pointed out, in the discussion at Bradford, that much work in their trade was done in the workers' homes, and that "it would be obviously impossible to enforce an eight hours' limit under such conditions," and Mr. Heasleden "said that in the lace trade, which had to struggle with Continental competition, employing men during long hours at low wages, a universal Eight Hours' Bill would simply be destruction." The eight hours' movement is supported on different, and on conflicting grounds, by differing advocates. Amongst coal miners, where eight hours' underground work is a very full day's labour, it has in many cases solely meant restriction of output, *i.e.*, it is asserted that the production being large, prices are low, and the wage is therefore low, and it is contended that if the output were restricted prices would be higher, and that, either under the sliding scale or otherwise, the men would be able to exact higher wage. It is probably for this reason that Mr. Abraham would restrict mines to one shift of eight hours. Similar arguments—as to the limitation of production by working shorter time per day, or fewer days per week—are used in textile and other manufactures. If these industries had no competitors abroad, and if the home consumption were sufficient to maintain the industry, even then the position would be difficult enough. For increase of cost in every industry would mean reduction of the purchasing power of wage. But the bulk of our manufacturing and mining enterprise is, in the main, dependent on its export trade. Our

produce is sent to foreign countries, and has to compete in foreign markets with foreign productions. A restriction of output here, followed by increased price, through temporarily securing higher nominal wage, would stimulate increase of foreign output, until the supply meeting, or exceeding, the demand, the lesser output at home, though obtained at increased cost, would fall in price to the level of its foreign competitor. Restriction of output can only avail when those who restrict have a monopoly of the raw material, or the sole control of the means of manufacture. To-day coal and iron are being worked in all quarters of the globe, and it is no longer possible to keep secret, and thus to control, any special method of manufacture. Textile industries are developing in countries where labour is very cheap, because the standard of comfort has been very low, or because life requirements are less costly.

Some workmen urge that if the men who are now working more than eight hours were limited to eight hours and no more, then there would be the need for more labourers, and that the number of unemployed would be reduced. Mr. Thompson, a Scotch delegate, speaking at the Bradford Congress, said, "There were thousands of persons to-day who had no purchasing power, but who, if an Eight Hours' Bill were passed, would have to be employed. The result would be a larger purchasing power in the country." It is hardly needful to urge that this contention is utterly fallacious. If the amount now paid in wage is simply divided amongst a larger number of receivers, there is no increase whatever of purchasing power. If the proposition is, that though the number of hours worked would be unchanged, the workers being more numerous, higher wages must be paid, then the answer is, that if you unduly increase the cost of manufacture you will stimulate foreign competition, not only in foreign markets, but also in the home market, which market alone would be insufficient to maintain your present industries. If you succeed by protective duties in excluding foreign manufactures from your home market, you increase the price of all articles

of consumption and thus reduce the purchasing power of wage.

It is contended by many that the reduction to eight hours per day would not decrease the rate of wage, and the illustration is taken of the building trade amongst stonemasons, where, with now a lesser average of hours per week, there is a higher average of weekly wage payment than with longer hours some years since; but unless greater result is attained in the lesser hours it can hardly be contended that the cost is not more, and although this might not be an entire evil if the result, as in the building trade, were limited to home consumption, the question of cost becomes of high importance when the industry has in great part to be maintained by exportation of the result produced to foreign markets.

It is urged that there are other industries dependent on foreign demand in which hours have been shortened and in which wage has not been reduced, but in all these industries greater skill and improved appliances have been attended with increased production. This is notoriously the case in coal mines.

Mr. Threlfall writes that, "an Eight Hours' Bill has become absolutely necessary," and he pleads that "the rapid growth of the producing population—at the rate of a thousand a day—without a corresponding increase in our foreign trade," and "the development of labour-saving machinery, bring about an overstocked labour market, with consequent poverty, misery, and destitution." The rapid growth of population can scarcely be checked by compelling those who are now subsisting by their labour to reduce their means of subsistence, unless the process is continued till the misery point is reached; and it is utterly untrue that labour-saving machinery has, as yet, permanently diminished the labourers required in any large industry in this country. If Mr. Threlfall's argument is to be carried to a logical conclusion the constant increase of labourers is to be met by a constant reduction of the hours of labour. The Bill

introduced by Mr. Cunninghame Graham, M.P., proposes to enact that "a person shall not, in any one day of twenty-four hours, be employed underground in any mine for a period exceeding eight hours from the time of his leaving the surface of the ground to the time of his ascent thereto, except in case of accident or other emergency"; and proposes "a penalty not exceeding forty shillings for each offence." This does not touch overground workers, nor does it forbid double shifts. It applies to metalliferous mines as well as to coal mines. Mr. Cunninghame Graham proposes to punish the employer but not the employed, yet, if it is to be made an offence for an individual to work more than eight hours per day, each adult party to the offence ought surely to incur some penalty. If Mr. Cunninghame Graham considers that the man has not enough of volition to be more than a mere instrument, he rather challenges the electoral position recently given to his client. Possibly Mr. Cunninghame Graham thinks that a proposal to inflict any punishment on the men would be met by strenuous resistance.

In January, 1885, there was held for three days in the Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, under the very efficient presidency of the Right Hon. Sir Charles Dilke, a most remarkable gathering; an "Industrial Remuneration Conference," attended by delegates from many of the most important industries in the United Kingdom, and attended also by some of the most prominent amongst capitalists and social reformers. The question for that Conference, as framed by its projector, was "What are the best means for, consistent with justice and equity bringing about a more equal division of the daily products of industry between capital and labour, so that it may become possible for all to enjoy a fair share of material comfort and intellectual culture, possible for all to lead a dignified life and less difficult for all to lead a good life." By the careful preliminary arrangements made by the controlling committee, some very valuable papers were secured and read, which were followed by useful discussion, and a complete report of the whole of the

papers and speeches has since been published as a volume. No paper was specially devoted to the hours of labour, but many vital references were made from varying standpoints. It is to be regretted that this Conference, so useful for its free exchange of opinions, has not been followed by others. As it is, the record of its proceedings is marvellously pregnant with promise not unmixed with occasional serious warning.

In a speech by Mr. James Aitken, of Greenock, it was urged: "Is it not necessary that there should be a reduction of the hours of labour so as to allow everyone to earn his own livelihood? It would certainly be better that ten men should work six hours per day and all be employed, than that six men should work ten hours a day and the other four men go about idly as paupers." This was cheered and was not then answered, but the reply is, first that if the six men by working ten hours only just earn their fair livelihood, then to take away nearly one half of their earnings will be to reduce them and their families to chronic discomfort. The four unemployed ought neither to be maintained as paupers, nor be compelled to deprive the six employed of four-sixths of their precious earnings. New sources of employment should be sought for in this, or in some other country. I believe that the land of this country might provide additional employment for many hundreds of thousands; that emigration might relieve some scores of thousands, but I do not believe in any permanent cure for want of employment so long as there are always ten to struggle for subsistence miserably where six might thrive comfortably. This question of over-population needs to be faced, for it is not enough to share the food of six amongst ten if next generation the problem is to be the sharing the insufficiency of ten amongst sixteen. Mr. J. Burnett, now the labour correspondent of the Board of Trade, then the representative of the Amalgamated Engineers, attacking overtime, said, "Every man who works overtime four quarter days takes away a day's work from another man." But it would be often the case that overtime would be worked under sudden pressure and the

introduction of strange and casual hands for such sudden employment would sometimes be difficult, especially in highly skilled industries. The men who hang about to be called in for such occasional jobs are not usually of the most reliable class. Again, take an industry like that of the cycling manufacture which has developed at Coventry, which is apparently overworked certain months in the year and is slack at others. To forbid overtime would involve the attraction of additional population at Coventry who would be needed for the busy time only, who would even then be only partly needed, and who would have to be maintained out of the rates or driven away in the slack season.

Mr. Lowthian Bell, who read a paper at the Conference, mentioned that the introduction of the nine hours' system in a large locomotive building establishment brought up the cost of labour to the employer in the two years of 1874 and 1881, as compared with 1850, to 51·73, and 38·70 per cent. respectively, and though this in no sense shows that labour was too highly paid in the later periods, it is some evidence that reductions of hours of labour involve serious increase of cost.

The workers and those who claim to be their special advocates seem to advocate, and seem now disposed to copy, the worst forms of bad legislation of past generations as to the regulation of the relations between employer and employed. Then, laws were passed to control the labourer, now it is proposed to procure enactments to control the employer. As Professor Thorold Rogers points out, the Act of Elizabeth and the regulations of Quarter Sessions which prescribed twelve hours' work a day all the year round only provoked evasion and resistance on the part of employer and employed. The natural tendency to-day is in the direction of shorter hours of labour.

Where laws for limiting hours of labour have recently been resorted to, they have achieved very little. This is illustrated by recent Transatlantic experience and is shown by the introductory remarks on the hours of labour in Vol. XX. of the tenth Census of the United States of America. On the contrary, organisation has

already had considerable effect in diminishing the number of hours worked per day.

The United States Census reporter, giving the percentages of hours worked for the quinquennial period, from 1830 to 1880, adds :—

"The small percentage reported under the eight-hour period will be noticed. Notwithstanding the agitation in favour of eight hours as a day's work, the percentage of the total number reporting this as the period of daily labour in 1880 is even less, by a small fraction, than in 1830. This does not indicate that the hours of labour have not decreased since 1830. Indeed, the table shows the contrary, there having been a marked increase in the ten hour period, and a marked decrease in the twelve to thirteen and thirteen to fourteen-hour periods between 1830 and 1880, as will be seen by the following tabulation of the percentages of the different hours of labour for the years 1830 and 1880 :—

HOURS OF LABOUR.	PERCENTAGE IN 1830.	PERCENTAGE IN 1880.
8 to 9	5·4	5·1
9 to 10	13·5	8·8
10 to 11	29·7	59·6
11 to 12	5·4	9·6
12 to 13	32·5	14·6
13 to 14	13·5	2·3

"The number reporting the hours of labour as ten to eleven increased from 29·7 per cent. in 1830 to 59·6 per cent. in 1880, more than double, while those reporting twelve to thirteen decreased from 32·5 per cent. to 14·6 per cent., and those reporting thirteen to fourteen decreased from 13·5 per cent. to 2·3 per cent."

In the State of New York an Eight Hours' Bill was carried in 1870, but it does not appear to have been very strictly enforced. It enacts that "eight hours shall constitute a legal day's work for all classes of mechanics, working men, and labourers, excepting

those engaged in farm and domestic labour; but overwork for extra compensation, by agreement between employer and *employé*, is hereby permitted." The law is made applicable to the State, and to all municipal corporations, but while penalties of not less than one hundred dollars are imposed for breach or evasion of the law in State or municipal contracts, no penalty is imposed on other employers, or employed.

By the third annual report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labour for the year 1885, it is pretty clear that the trades in which the eight hours' limit is observed are few, and only those in which strong Unions exist, and the Chief Commissioner reports: "The conditions of trade are such that it is almost fruitless to attempt to adopt short hours in one State, and neglect to do so in others." Witness after witness showed that the mere eight hours' law was of little avail. Henry Emrich, cabinet-maker, said: "An eight hours' law will only be of any effect through the action of the organisations themselves," and he added: "The only way to secure short hours is by combination in a particular trade where it is desired." A witness, an engineer, testified: "The State of Massachusetts passed a ten hours' law and we know that work was driven out of Massachusetts into Rhode Island." This witness, who was in favour of a compulsory eight hours' law throughout the United States, was also in favour of the State feeding his family, "if the pay for eight hours was insufficient to maintain them." W. McClelland, in favour of short hours, said: "When our union is strong enough we can bring these things into practice ourselves," and he added: "Here is the eight hours' law, and you will find letter-carriers working ten and eleven hours; what is the use of it?" A moulder testified: "We have got too many laws for the working man, but they are like the statuary in Central Park—dead." "I have more faith in labour organisation than I have in law." A harness-maker testified "that the Union had shortened the hours of labour without legislation," but the men worked ten hours a day, despite that the eight hours law had existed fifteen years.

Another witness, a brassworker, testified strongly in favour of an eight hours' law, but said: "I do not think it could be enforced, but I think the moral influence of such a law, and the enforcing it on the State workers would influence the others by the force of example." Edward Conkling, a painter, testified, "that the reduction of hours could be better brought about by organisation than legislation," adding: "The stonecutters have proved that; President Grant said that it was impossible to enforce the eight hours' law"; the stonecutters enforced it by their organisation.

John A. Kavanagh, printer, testified: "I would make eight hours a legal day's work, but if a man wants to work fifteen hours a day I wouldn't prohibit him from doing it if he wanted to.

Q. In your judgment can a reduction of the hours of labour be better secured by legislation or by organisation of labour?

A. By organisation of labour.

Q. You think that would be the best way to accomplish it?

A. I think that is the only way to accomplish it; I don't think it can be done by legislation."

Hermann Gutstadt, cigar-maker, testified:—

Q. "Do you think the hours of labour can be shortened by legislation?

A. I do not; not effectively. I believe that the hours of labour can only be effectively regulated by labour organisations. The State is nearly powerless. For instance, we have an eight hours' law on the statute-book never enforced.

Q. You don't think it would be advisable to recommend more legislation on that subject?

A. I do not think it would be of any use to place a law upon the statute-book which cannot very well be enforced by the State."

The Fifth Annual Report of the New York Labour Bureau, 1887, contains the following passage, significant in face of the fact that the eight hours' law had been on the statute-book for seventeen years:—

"Strikes for the regulation of hours of labour during the past year have not been as frequent as formerly. The collapse of the nine-hour movement in May, 1885, seems to have had a deterring effect upon the movement, and the attempts to reduce hours of labour during the past year were confined to special industries, such as waiters and bakers, with a few others. The half-holiday movement seems to have received its strength from a tacit understanding on the part of the employers, who were willing to adapt themselves to a changed condition of affairs."

The several States have special enactments as to hours of labour of which the following are samples. In Wisconsin:—

"*Section* 1,729, *Revised Statutes.*—In all engagements to labour in any manufacturing or mechanical business, where there is no express contract to the contrary, a day's work shall consist of eight hours, and all engagements or contracts for labour in such cases shall be so construed, but this shall not apply to any contract for labour by the week, month, or year."

On April 8th, 1887, the Legislature of New Jersey enacted:—

"That twelve hours' labour to be performed within twelve consecutive hours with reasonable time for meals, not less than half-an-hour for each, shall constitute a day's labour in the operation of all cable, traction, and horse car street surface railroads, and of all cable, traction, and steam elevated railroads owned or operated by corporations incorporated under the laws of this State, for the employés of such corporations in operating such railroads."

The Massachusetts Short Hours' Movement has for its chronicler the eminent labour statistician, the Hon. Carrol D. Wright, now at Washington, and needs more lengthy treatment than space will now permit.

It must be borne in mind, in estimating the importance of the foregoing extracts, that Federal legislation on an eight hours' basis dates back to June 25th, 1868, so far as Government works are concerned. In the Fourth Biennial Report of the Illinois Labour Bureau, the Hon. J. S. Lord, in his able statement of the progress of the eight hours' movement, says:—

"May 19th, 1869, and again May 11th, 1872, President Grant issued proclamations calling attention to the provisions of this law and directing that no reduction should be made in the pay on account of

the reduction in the hours of labour of those coming within the purview of the Act. Subsequently, May 18th, 1872, Congress passed an Act securing to all workmen, labourers, and mechanics in the employ of the Government between June 25th, 1868, and May 19th, 1869, full pay on a basis of a regular day of eight hours, the period covered being that between the passage of the Act and the date of President Grant's first proclamation on the subject. Notwithstanding the obvious intent of Congress to comply with the wishes expressed in the petitions of those who urged the passage of this law, the heads of departments held that in failing to repeal an Act of July 16th, 1862, requiring the wages of employés in the navy yards to conform to those in private establishments, Congress had merely established the length of a day's work for the Government and that they were bound to pay *pro rata* the same wages as those paid in private employment. This view was sustained both by Attorney-General Evarts and Attorney-General Hoar, so that the effect of the law has been simply to reduce the earning opportunity of the Government employé by 20 per cent."

Desiring that the fullest and best information should be accessible, I have obtained an order of the House of Commons for a return showing all laws limiting the hours of adult labour throughout Europe as well as in the United States of America, with such statistics as are obtainable as to the working hours in each country or State, and the best information as to the enforcement or otherwise of such laws.

Believing that any attempt by Parliament to fix the hours of labour would be permanently disastrous to the best interests of the workmen themselves; fearing that many workmen are too readily allowing themselves to be misled by earnest but unpractical enthusiasts, and by reckless traders on social grievances; and noting that in some recent electoral struggles promises have been given by the candidates to vote for measures which reverse all Radical traditions, I shall give my voice and vote in Parliament to prevent any breaking down of the self-reliant spirit which puts the bulk of our population materially in advance of most European peoples.

C. BRADLAUGH.

TALK AND TALKERS OF TO-DAY.

THAT conversation is a lost art is a commonplace of social criticism. Whether the commonplace is also a truism, or even a truth, it is the purpose of this article to inquire. And, at the outset, it may be admitted that, whether true or false, a belief in the decadence of the art of conversation is natural to those who have received, by not remote tradition, an impression of Sydney Smith's irresistible fun, and Macaulay's overwhelming fulness; who can themselves recall the frank but high-bred gaiety of the late Lord Derby; the rollicking good-humour and animal spirits of Bishop Wilberforce; the saturnine epigrams of Lord Beaconsfield; the versatility and choice diction of Lord Houghton; or even the concentrated yet many-sided malice which supplied the stock-in-trade of Mr. Hayward.

Another generation of talkers has arisen since that festive night, described by a social poet,

> "When over the port of the innermost bin
> The circle of diners was laughing with Phinn;
> When Brookfield had hit on his happiest vein,
> And Harcourt was capping the jokes of Delane."

And the sole survivor of that brilliant group, in his gambols on political platforms, reminds one irresistibly of the scene in *Paradise Lost*, where

> "the unwieldy elephant,
> To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed
> His lithe proboscis."

But brave men have lived since, as well as before, Agamemnon; and those who know the present society of London may

not unreasonably ask whether the art of conversation is really extinct, and whether the talkers of to-day are, in truth, so immeasurably inferior to the great men who preceded them.

Before we can answer these questions, even tentatively, we must try to define our idea of good conversation, and this we can best do by rigidly ruling out what is bad. All affectation, unreality, and straining after effect are intolerable; scarcely less so are rhetoric, declamation, and all that tends towards speech-making. Mimicry is a very dangerous trick, rare in perfection, and contemptible when imperfect; and though an apt story well told is delicious, there was sound philosophy in Mr. Pinto's view that "when a man fell into his anecdotage, it was a sign for him to retire from the world." A spice of malice is agreeable to the intellectual palate, when it, "half suspected, animates the whole." But a conversation which is mainly malicious is entirely dull. Constant joking is a weariness to the flesh, and a too sustained seriousness of discourse is apt to make the head ache. A talker who monopolises the conversation is by common consent insufferable; and a man who regulates his choice of topics by reference to what interests, not his hearers, but himself, has yet to learn the alphabet of his art. Conversation is like lawn-tennis, and requires alacrity in return, at least as much as vigour in service. A happy phrase, an unexpected collocation of words, an habitual precision in the choice of terms, are rare and shining ornaments of conversation; but they do not for an instant supply the place of lively and interesting matter, and an excessive care for them is apt to tell unfavourably on the substance of discourse. In conversation, as in literature, it is more necessary to have something to say than to say it remarkably well.

A young man about town once said to the present writer, in the tone of one who utters a truism: "It is so much more interesting to talk about people than things." The sentiment spoke volumes for the mental calibre and associations of the speaker; and certainly the habitual talk—for it is not conversation—of

that section of society which calls itself smart seems to touch the lowest depth of spiteful and sordid dulness. But still, when the mischiefs of habitual personality have been admitted to the uttermost, there remains something to be said on the other side. We are not inhabitants of Jupiter or Saturn, but human beings, to whom nothing that is human is wholly alien. And if, in the pursuit of high abstractions and "improving" themes, we imitate too closely Wordsworth's avoidance of "Personal Talk," our "fireside," or still more our dinner-table, will inevitably lose a large portion of its proper liveliness.

Among the accidental accompaniments of good conversation must be reckoned a manner which knows how to be easy and free without being free-and-easy; an habitual deference to the prejudices and tastes of other people; a hearty desire to be, or at any rate to seem, interested in their concerns; and a constant recollection that they, too, may sometimes wish to be speakers as well as hearers. Above all else, the agreeable talker cultivates gentleness and delicacy of speech, avoids aggressive and overwhelming displays, and remembers the gentle poet's cry of pain—

> "Vociferated logic kills me quite;
> A noisy man is always in the right."

If these, or something like these, are the attributes of good conversation, in whom do we find them best exemplified? Who best understands the art of conversation? Who, in a word, are our best talkers?

In answering this question, we shall first exclude from our purview all provincial conversation. We are, of course, well aware that in so doing we exclude much that is well worth close attention. No doubt there is plenty that is valuable and interesting to be heard in those academic circles, where men still cherish the icy sneers of the late Master of Trinity, and encourage the snappish impertinences of the present Master of Balliol—even, we believe, in the "cultured" quarters of manufacturing districts, and in the villas where the literary

ladies of Edgbaston gather round the mystic tripod of Mr. Shorthouse.

But all this conversation we exclude, simply because its heroes are little known in London, and we wish to illustrate the virtues and vices of conversation by reference to familiar examples.

Again, we shall say nothing of the part borne in conversation by ladies. Here it is a sacred awe which makes us mute. London is indeed happy in the possession of not a few hostesses, excellently accomplished, and not more accomplished than gracious, of whom it is no flattery to say that to know them is a liberal education. But, as Lord Beaconsfield observes, in a more than usually grotesque passage of *Lothair*: "We must not profane the mysteries of Bona Dea." And we will not submit to the impertinences of critical analysis the most refined and elevating element of our social delight.

Again, the terms of our inquiry forbid us to illustrate the theory of conversation by the case of those who are no longer living. Fifteen months ago a writer, who wished to exemplify conversation at its best, would very probably have selected the instance of Mr. Matthew Arnold, who combined, in singular harmony, the various elements which go to make good company —urbanity, courtesy, liveliness, quick sympathy, eagerness to learn, readiness to impart, keen interest in the world's works and ways, and a natural and never-failing humour, as genial as it was pungent. His crowning glory was that he knew how to be a man of the world without being frivolous, and a man of letters without being pedantic.

And now, when we come to consider and to analyse the best conversation of to-day, we obey a natural instinct when we think first of Mr. Charles Villiers. His venerable age alone would entitle him to this pre-eminence, for has he not been one of the best talkers in London for something like seventy years? Born of a family which united high rank with intellectual distinction, his birth was a passport to all that was best in social and

political life. It argues no political bias to maintain that, in the first quarter of this century, Toryism afforded its neophytes no educational opportunities equal to those which a young Whig enjoyed at Bowood and Panshanger and Holland House. There the best traditions of the last century were constantly reinforced by accessions of new intellect. The charmed circle was indeed essentially, but not exclusively, aristocratic; genius held the key, and there was a *carrière ouverte aux talents.*

Thus the society of Lord Lansdowne and Lord Holland and Lord Melbourne was also the society of Luttrell and Brougham and Sir James Mackintosh and Sydney Smith. It presented every variety of accomplishment and experience and social charm, and offered to a man beginning life the best conceivable education in the art of making oneself agreeable. Mr. Charles Villiers was born with a natural genius for that art, and his early habituation to the society of the Whigs superadded that technical training by which the resources of genius are turned to practical account. But this was by no means all. We hold it to be an axiom that a man who is only a member of society is never so agreeable as one who is something else as well. And Mr. Villiers, though a "man about town," a story-teller, and a diner-out of high renown, has had a sixty years' experience of practical business and Parliamentary life. Thus the resources of his knowledge have been perpetually enlarged, and, learning much, he has forgotten nothing. The stores of his memory are full of treasures, new and old. He has taken part in the making of history, and can estimate the great men of the present time by a personal comparison with the political Immortals. That this comparison is not always wholly favourable to some illustrious reputations of to-day is indeed sufficiently notorious to all who have the pleasure of Mr. Villiers' acquaintance; and nowhere is his absolute mastery of the art of conversation more conspicuous than in his knack of implying dislike and insinuating contempt without recourse to crude abuse or noisy denunciation. He has a delicate sense of fun, a keen eye for incongruities and

absurdities, and that genuine cynicism which springs not from the poor desire to be thought worldly-wise, but from a life-long acquaintance with the foibles of political men. To these gifts must be added a voice which age has not robbed of its sympathetic qualities, a style of diction and a habit of pronunciation which belong to the last age, and that facile yet formal courtesy which no one less than eighty years old seems capable of even imitating.

We have instanced Mr. Villiers as an eminent talker. We now turn to an eminent man who talks—Mr. Gladstone.

An absurd story has long been current among stupid people with rampant prejudices, that Mr. Gladstone is habitually uncivil to the Queen. Now, it happens that Mr. Gladstone is the most courteous of mankind. His courtesy is one of his most engaging gifts, and accounts in no small degree for his power of attracting the regard of young men and undistinguished people generally. To all such he is polite to the point of deference, yet never condescending. His manners to all alike, young and old, rich and poor, are the ceremonious manners of the old school, and his demeanour towards ladies is a model of chivalrous propriety. It would, therefore, have been to the last degree improbable that he should make an exception to his usual habits in the case of a lady who was also his Sovereign. And as a matter of fact, the story is so ridiculously wide of the mark that it deserves mention only because, in itself false, it is founded on a truth which illustrates the subject of our present inquiry.

"I," said the Duke of Wellington, on a memorable occasion, "have no small talk, and Peel has no manners." Mr. Gladstone has manners, but no small talk. He is so consumed by zeal for the subjects which interest him that he leaves out of account the possibility that they may not interest other people. He pays to everyone, not least to ladies, the compliment of assuming that they are on his own intellectual level; engrossed in the subjects which engross him; and furnished with at least as

much information as will enable them to follow and to understand him. Hence, we believe, the genesis of the absurd story just quoted about his demeanour to the Queen. The astute Lord Beaconsfield used to engage her Majesty in conversation about water-colour drawing and the third-cousinships of German Princes. Mr. Gladstone harangues her about the polity of the Hittites, or the relations between the Athanasian Creed and Homer. The Queen, perplexed and uncomfortable, seeks to make a digression, addresses a remark to a daughter, or offers biscuit to a begging terrier. Mr. Gladstone restrains himself with an effort, waits till the Princess has answered, or the dog has sat down, and then promptly resumes— "As I was saying——." Meanwhile the flood has gathered force by delay, and when it bursts forth again it carries all before it.

No image except that of a torrent can convey the notion of Mr. Gladstone's conversation—its rapidity, its volume, its splash and dash, its frequent beauty, its striking effects, the amount of varied matter which it brings with it, the hopelessness of trying to resist it, the unexpectedness of its onrush, the subdued but fertilized condition of the subjected area which it leaves behind. The bare mention of a topic in which Mr. Gladstone is interested opens the flood-gates, and submerges a province. But the torrent does not wait for invitation. If not invited, it comes of itself, headlong, overwhelming, sweeping all before it in a seething flood of reasoned and impassioned eloquence, and gathering fresh strength and fury from every obstacle which it encounters in its course.

But for conversation, strictly so-called, Mr. Gladstone has no taste. He asks questions when he wants information, and answers them copiously when asked by others. But of give-and-take, of meeting you half-way, and of paying you back in your own conversational coin, he has no notion. He discourses, he lectures, he harangues. But if a subject is started which does not interest him, it falls flat. He makes no attempt to return the ball. And though, when he is amused, his amusement

is intense and long-sustained, it cannot be said that his general appreciation of humour is keen. On the other hand, he has a grand capacity for generous indignation, and nothing is finer than to see the changing lights and shades on his mobile and expressive face when some "Tale of injury calls forth The indignant spirit of the North"; the hawk-like features become more strongly marked, the onyx-eyes flash and glow, the voice grows more resonant, and the utterance more emphatic. Nothing funnier can be imagined than the discomfiture of a story-teller who has fondly thought to tickle the great man's sense of humour by an anecdote which depends for its point upon some trait of cynicism, baseness, or sharp practice. He finds his tale received in silence, looks wonderingly up for an explanation, and finds that what was intended to amuse has only disgusted. "Do you call that amusing? I call it devilish," was the emphatic comment with which a characteristic story of Lord Beaconsfield was once received by his eminent rival.

But whatever Mr. Gladstone may be, Gladstonians, in spite of the *Saturday Review*, are not all deficient in humour. Humour is the most notable quality in the conversation of Mr. Gladstone's old friend and colleague Lord Granville, and it is combined with a delightful urbanity. As a story-teller Lord Granville is unsurpassed. He has been everywhere and known everyone. He has "warmed both hands before the fire of life," and has a happy knack of imparting its genial warmth to those around him. A selfish epicurean is indeed a distasteful object; but Lord Granville knows how to combine his own enjoyment with the enjoyment of other people. He is quick to seize a point and can always seem interested in what interests his company. His fine taste appreciates whatever is best in conversation, in life, and in literature, even when (as in his selection of the Preface to the *Sanctus* as his favourite piece of English prose) it is gathered from fields in which it has not been his practice to roam. It cannot for a moment be doubted that a man whose life has been as full of vivid and varied interests as

Lord Granville's must often feel acutely bored by the trivial round of social conversation. But if he cannot rise to the apostolic virtue of suffering bores gladly, at any rate he endures their onslaughts as unflinchingly as he bears the gout. A smiling countenance and an unfailing courtesy conceal the torment which is none the less keen because it is unexpressed.

Another politician who excels in conversation is Sir George Trevelyan. He is, of course, from the necessities of his position, a man of the world and a politician, and is as ready as Mr. Bertie-Tremaine's guests in *Endymion* to talk of "that heinous subject on which enormous fibs are ever told—the Registration." But, after all, the man of the world and the politician are only respectable parts which he has been bound to assume. He plays them with assiduity and creditable success, but the true man in Sir George Trevelyan is not the Politician, but the Historian the Biographer, the Man of Letters. Whenever he touches a historical or literary theme, Sir George's whole being seems to undergo a transformation. The real man flashes out through his twinkling eyes. As he muses, the fire burns, and he speaks with his tongue. Facts, dates, details, rumours, traditions, cantos of poetry (original and quoted), reams of prose, English and Latin and Greek and French, come tumbling out in headlong but not disorderly array. He jumps at an opening; seizes an allusion; replies with lightning quickness to a conversational challenge; and is ready, on a moment's notice, to decide any literary or historical controversy in a measured tone of deliberate emphasis which is not wholly free from exaggeration. Like his uncle, Sir George Trevelyan has "his own heightened and telling way of putting things," and those who know him well make allowance for this habit. But it is only fair to say that, though his range of literary sympathies is rather narrow, within that range his judgment is almost always sound, and invariably founded on exhaustive knowledge of the facts in dispute. For the rest, Sir George is delightful company; light-hearted as a boy, full of autobiographical chit-chat about

Harrow and Trinity, and India and Holly Lodge; full of eager interest in his friends' concerns; brimming over with enthusiasm; never bored, never flat, never stale; anxious to amuse and to be amused, and always bearing his full share in the origination and the continuance of conversation. A well-concerted party is a kind of unconscious conspiracy to promote cheerfulness and enjoyment, and no better ally in such an undertaking can be found than Sir George Trevelyan.

Mr. Morley's agreeableness in conversation is of a different kind. His leading characteristic is a certain dignified austerity of demeanour which repels familiarity, and tends to keep conversation on a high level; but each time one meets him there is less formality and less restraint, and the grave courtesy, which never fails, is soon touched with friendliness and frank good-humour in a singularly attractive fashion. He talks not much, but remarkably well. His sentences are deliberate, clear-cut, often eloquent. His quotations are apt and original. His fine taste and varied culture enable him to hold his own in many fields where the mere professional politician is apt to be terribly astray. He never obtrudes his own opinions; never introduces debatable matter; never lays down the law. But he is always ready to take up the gauntlet—especially if a Tory throws it down; and may be backed to meet rude dogmatism or ill-informed assertion with a quick fervour and robustness of tone before which the aggressor will beat a hasty retreat.

His kindness to social and literary beginners is one of Mr. Morley's most engaging traits. He invariably finds something pleasant to say about the most immature and unpromising efforts, and he has the knack of so handling his own early experience as to make it an encouragement and a stimulus, and not (as is the manner of egotists) a burden and a dread.

Lord Salisbury goes so little into general society that his qualities as a talker are not familiarly known. Yet no one can listen, even casually, to his conversation without appreciating the fine manner, full both of dignity and courtesy, the perfect

freedom from pomposity, formality, and self-assertion, and the dash of cynicism which modifies, though it never masks, the flavour of his fun. The combination of so much amiability, frankness, and politeness in the intercourse of society with the inartistic insolence and unmannerly personalities which mark Lord Salisbury's public utterances, suggests the leading idea of a novel of Mr. Louis Stevenson's, to which it is a point of literary honour not more directly to allude.

There is something of Lord Salisbury's social manner about his accomplished nephew, Mr. Balfour. He has the same courtesy, the same freedom from official gravity, the same readiness to be amused. But the characteristics of the elder man are exaggerated in the younger. The cynicism which is natural in Lord Salisbury is affectation in Mr. Balfour. He cultivates the art of indifference, and gives himself the airs of a jaded epicurean, who craves only for a new sensation. There is what an Irish member, in a moment of inspiration, called a "top-loftiness" about Mr. Balfour's demeanour, which is not a little irritating. He is too anxious to show that his aims and notions are different from those of other people; and his conversation, which is often entertaining and always well-informed—for he is a true book-lover—misses much of its due effect by making his hearers feel that no human being ever really found life as little worth living as Mr. Balfour would have us think he does.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN PROBLEM.

No. I.

THE numerous refusals of the Governorship of the Cape, though very galling to the *amour propre* of the Colonists, have drawn much attention to the difficult and delicate problems connected just now with that office; but sufficient attention has not been paid to the causes which have produced the strained relations that exist between the Colony and the Home Government. Yet this part of the question deserves equal attention, especially as Colonial opinion has been much influenced of late by the proceedings of some gentlemen, who seem to think that England's position in South Africa would be improved if the British public would accept and act on such propositions as the following:—

1. The natives are a feeble folk.

2. The white inhabitants of South Africa, especially if of Dutch extraction, cannot be trusted to deal fairly by them.

3. We need lands to which our overflowing population can emigrate.

4. Such lands exist in South Africa, but will not be available under Colonial administration.

Therefore:

(*a*) It is inadvisable to extend the area of Colonial Administration.

(*b*) It is advisable to appoint an independent Imperial High Commissioner to see fair all round.

As to the necessity of outlets for our surplus population, there is no difference of opinion; but the other points are very much more doubtful, and widespread dissatisfaction has been caused in South Africa by the large measure of approval which this programme has certainly obtained here from the public, and, it is believed there, from the Colonial Office also.

One cannot be at the Cape or Natal ever so short a time without being struck by the feelings of dislike and distrust of the Colonial Office, which are almost universally entertained. Not that there is any aversion to England (among the English Colonists), but people are getting very impatient of the control of an authority which appears to them to have no settled policy, and to be ready at any time to regulate its action at the bidding of Exeter Hall or any other irresponsible body that is sufficiently clamourous.

Such a feeling is obviously calculated to ripen into Republicanism, and a movement for emancipation from Imperial control: it certainly explains the fact that though everyone tells you that the Transvaal will soon become Anglicised, no one ever suggests that it will become English again in consequence; and it has received considerable impetus lately from the Bechuanaland episode, and the agitation in favour of separating the office of High Commissioner from that of Governor of the Cape.

Having stated the motives which I believe to be behind that agitation, I propose now briefly to examine them.

First, then, as to the feebleness of the natives. In round numbers the white inhabitants of South Africa are some 600,000, about the population of Devonshire; the natives, without Zululand or Basutoland, are estimated at 2,000,000. This preponderance of numbers, especially as the bulk belong to tribes with warlike traditions, is in itself a source of strength. Further, there is practically no labour but native labour to be got, and though the individual native has few wants and fewer luxuries, yet his custom is in the aggregate a considerable item in the trade and agriculture of the country.

The white men of South Africa, however depraved, could not afford a policy by which they would risk losing both their servants and their customers, while the Basuto war taught a rough lesson against bullying on a large scale.

Our record in Zululand does not qualify us to criticise very closely the native policy of any other community; but though Englishmen may admit so much, yet I fancy the bulk of them believe that the Boers habitually maltreat their native servants, and shoot black people promiscuously on very slight provocation. There is no doubt that shameful deeds have been done by them, and similar charges can be laid with the same truth against Englishmen in Queensland and in the Pacific, and against Americans in the Far West. Their native policy, too, is radically different from ours; we let the natives live among us, and try more or less to civilise them; they seek to keep all they do not want as servants at a distance, and make no pretence of desiring to elevate them; indeed, it is hardly exaggeration to say that they consider that they have been given "the heathen for their inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for their possession." Yet these principles are not incompatible with the existence and growth of a large native population, as is proved by the fact that there are now in the Transvaal something like 750,000 natives, although the greater part of it was practically bare of inhabitants when the Boers drove Moselekatse* out of the land only fifty years ago.

They treat their servants in a patriarchal fashion, and, no doubt, are a little heavy handed sometimes; sometimes, too, they are guilty of sharp practice in regard to the stock in which a large proportion of servants' wages are paid; but I believe, on the whole, that they are quite as good and as kind masters as Englishmen; indeed, Englishmen whose acquaintance with Boers was much better than their love for them have told me that they considered that the Dutch, both in the

* Father of Lobengula, the chief of the Matabele.

Cape Colony and in their own Republics, were, as a rule, better masters than our own countrymen. One of the strongest impressions left on my mind by my short visit to South Africa was that the natives were, on the whole, very well treated, and quite able to take care of themselves.

Then as regards the question of the annexation of Bechuanaland by the Cape Colony. One objection is that this would render it less suitable as an outlet for English emigrants. But though Bechuanaland is worth a great deal as giving a road to the interior* which no alien Government can close to British enterprise, yet I believe that its value for every other purpose is very much overrated. He would be a bold man who would say there was no gold there, but though everyone in South Africa has had gold on the brain since the development of Johannesburg, hardly enough even to float a company in London has been found as yet in Bechuanaland. This does not apply to the countries beyond, in the Protectorate, and Sphere of Influence; but though they have been discussed along with Bechuanaland by recent speakers and writers as if they were much the same thing, the nearest goldfield in them which is really worked, "Tati," is 400 miles by the shortest route from Mafeking, which is itself at the northern end of Bechuanaland.

I made particular inquiry with a view to ascertaining if Bechuanaland offered a suitable field for English emigration on a large scale, and what I learned from Sir F. Carrington, commanding the Bechuana police, Colonel Martin, of the Inniskillings, late of the Bechuana police, Colonel Methuen, and others, satisfies me that it will be a long time before there is an opening there for any agriculturists, except owners of large flocks and herds. The country is badly watered, and it is a long way from any market. Where there is water

* The alternative route through the Transvaal is, I believe, the more used of the two.

it grows crops; but a large proportion of the best watered districts have been inalienably assigned to the natives; as to the remainder Mr. Arnold White, writing to the *Times*, under date of March 12th, and speaking from personal observation, says: "The colonisation of Bechuanaland by British labour could only be undertaken by a fool and carried out by a fiend."

People often argue at home: "Bechuanaland has cost us a lot of money and trouble, why should we throw away the chance of being repaid by handing it over to the Cape now we have licked it into shape?" But what Colony is there on the face of the globe which has not cost us money and trouble, or which has ever repaid either, except indirectly as a market for our produce and an opening for our commerce? And the prospect of getting our money back even in this way is, I believe, a distant one, in this instance; for I do not see how our trade with the Western Colonies of South Africa is to improve largely in the immediate future. They are not on the shortest road either to the interior or to the Transvaal goldfields, the present Mecca of the country; and though people who have "made their pile" come down and settle at Capetown, a considerable, and I expect an increasing proportion of the brain and bone and sinew of the old Colony goes north every year to seek fortunes on the other side of the Vaal. Nor in the face of those attractions will the white population of Bechuanaland, or their consumption of English manufactures, grow very fast. It is true that so far as the Bechuanaland trade goes the tariff there is more favourable to England than that in force in the Cape Colony, and this is alleged to have had a great deal to do with the natives' protest against annexation, which it is said was fathered by officials who feared to lose their posts, and storekeepers who feared to lose their advantages; but the difference between the two tariffs on the commerce of Bechuanaland is not and is not likely to be anything like the £70,000 or £80,000 per annum which the country now costs the British taxpayer.

I entirely sympathise with those who wish to restore British prestige in South Africa, and with their desire that the British flag should be supreme from the Zambesi to Cape Agulhas; I think the course of events is tending toward that result, but I am sure that the horse must be ridden with a very light hand or he will turn restive. There is plenty of what I will venture to call "toast list loyalty" in South Africa, but there is also a strong feeling, not quite confined to the Cape Colony, or to the Dutch there, in favour of Republicanism and emancipation from Imperial control.

This is tempered in the minds of all who live near the coast by the knowledge of their dependence for defence on the Royal navy and troops, and there is nobody worth mentioning who desires a change at present; but there are a good many who have contemplated the possibility of one.

For some few years after the retrocession of the Transvaal a considerable section of the Cape Colonists, represented by the Afrikander Bond, had looked to Republicanism and alliance with the Dutch Republics as the best method of expanding and developing South Africa; latterly, however, the current had changed in favour of Colonial expansion through Imperial pioneering, in part, perhaps, in consequence of the Colonial Conference, but more because, while the Transvaal had pursued an unaccommodating policy of selfish isolation, the Home Government had shown signs of a desire to help in making a future for the Colonies. In these circumstances, and just when there was peculiar readiness to work with the Home Government, for the Kimberley Railway extension was pressed through Parliament last year, notwithstanding the private protests of President Kruger, and the opposition of his friends, a scheme of policy was formulated at home based on the hypothesis that Imperial and Colonial interests are opposed, and that therefore a High Commissioner should be appointed separate from the Governor of the Cape, with a view to organising in the interior a great province, to

be administered direct from England and quite independent of the Cape.

Now it is questionable whether such an experiment would succeed even if it were started with universal goodwill: for the contiguity of a Free Republic on one side, and a self-governing Colony on the other, is not favourable to the development of a Government on Indian lines. You cannot in an inland province ignore the neighbours through whom you have your only access to the ocean, and if the public opinion of those neighbours is almost universally against you it is wise to have some regard for it; for it should be remembered that they would suffer if your experiment ended in trouble and disorder.

It is true that if the same person holds the offices of High Commissioner and Governor of the Cape he is exposed as High Commissioner to pressure from Ministers whose advice as Governor he is bound to consider; it is also true that no Cape Ministry is likely for some years to come to be independent of the votes controlled by the Afrikander Bond; but after all, the High Commissioner may, and in fact does, get advantage sometimes from the confidential relations which his other self maintains with the gentlemen who are carrying on the Government of the Colony; and if Ministers have to keep on good terms with their uncrowned king, Mr. Hofmeyr, neither can England, from the Imperial point of view, ignore the fact that there are at present more Dutchmen than Englishmen in South Africa, and that the three ablest and most influential men* in the country are of Dutch extraction.

Fortunately, there is no hard and fast line between the races, any more than there is between Government and Opposition in Cape politics; there are Englishmen among the members and officers of the Bond; there are Dutchmen who will have nothing to do with it, and there are constituencies in which the Dutch

* President Kruger, Sir Henry De Villiers, and Mr. Hofmeyr.

preponderate that return Anti-Bond Englishmen; but the Cape Dutch, unless their own pockets are involved, are jealous as a body of anything which seems designed to touch either the interests or susceptibilities of their kinsmen in the Republics, and they have a desire, which is quite legitimate and very natural, to use the power which the Constitution gives them to further their own views.

While we were "cock of the walk" in South Africa these feelings were dormant, but Majuba altered all that: our surrender after that defeat was attributed to simple cowardice by all the natives, and by a very large proportion of the Dutch population; and more so, I believe, outside the Transvaal than within it. Acting on this idea, the Dutch have, since 1881, become very self-assertive; there has been some wild talk, but their action has been perfectly constitutional, and it would be simple madness either to ignore them or to try and ride roughshod over them.

There has been, as I said, some wild talk, but I do not believe there is at present any active disloyalty among the Dutch population at the Cape; but though not a well-educated people, they have long memories, and they know that their forefathers suffered many things at our hands in the past; not that we were wilfully unjust or oppressive, but our native policy* was alternately one of petting and repressing, and the accepted theory at home was that the Colonists were *primâ facie* in the wrong in all disputes with coloured men; while at the same time changes which are admitted to have been wise and salutary in themselves, such as the emancipation of the slaves, and the substitution of English currency for Rix dollars, were

* An English gentleman told me that he received the following description of English policy from an old "Voortrekker": "You English are like a man carrying a hot coal in his hand; presently it begins to burn your hand, and you throw water over it; but not enough to put out the coal; and after a bit you take pity on it and blow the flame up—and then it begins to burn you again; and then—you shift it to the other hand."

carried out in a way that inflicted the maximum of inconvenience, and loss on the Colonial population. They are determined, therefore, that they will not have any more interference in their domestic affairs; they are ready to welcome any Imperial action which will tend to the ultimate expansion of the Colony,* but they would not care to see a quasi Indian province established on their borders as a happy hunting ground for faddists and enthusiasts, and the name of Imperialism is as odious to them as that of coercion is, under existing circumstances, to Mr. Gladstone.

I do not here discuss whether these views are reasonable or unreasonable. But I believe they are widely held, ill-founded as some of them may be; while of the reality of the feeling against an active Imperialist policy I have no doubt, and it is shared by the great bulk of the people. "Imperialist policy" is a vague phrase, and not easy to define, but I think it is understood to mean Exeter Hall pulling the strings at home, and an aggressive policy toward the Transvaal. I have no wish to belittle the sacrifices or the efforts that missionaries have made, though I have never seen or heard of the country in which the unregenerate heathen or Moslem was not generally reckoned a better servant than his converted brother; but it will be admitted, I think, that political missionaries as a class have done at least as much harm as good, and that the Aborigines Protection Society has, with the best motives, worked an infinity of mischief. Affairs in South Africa are sufficiently critical to make commonsense, and what the Americans call "level-headedness," very necessary in their administration, and those qualities are not promoted by the introduction of the enthusiastic element.

As to the Transvaal, I believe an aggressive policy would be neither popular nor wise; it might be acceptable at home,

* I never heard the idea of another self-governing Colony in the interior mooted at the Cape. We have never yet established one that had not its own access to outside markets; and there are obvious difficulties in such an experiment.

at any rate till the bill came in, and I own to having been sorry myself that Sir Charles Warren trailed his coat in vain in 1884; but even that is five years ago, and events have moved rapidly since. The old wounds have, to a considerable extent healed over, and though the Dutch, especially outside the Transvaal, sometimes take a line which Englishmen find exceedingly offensive, and though the English habitually grumble at the Dutch for their obstructive unprogressive ways, yet the two races are merged in each other to a considerable extent, and, on the whole, live very harmoniously side by side. I believe that both would alike deplore any wanton renewal of antagonism. Of course there are men who have grown fat on military contracts, and would like the chance of doing so again; and there is a sort of "condottiere" class, a legacy from the wars and expéditions that prevailed from 1878-84, and dangerous elements they both are. But the English, thanks to their superior administrative and commercial ability, are quietly asserting themselves as the dominant race; and though the Dutch votes compel them to walk warily, and though there are those that would like to see our prestige restored by a brilliant victory on some bloody field, yet the remembrance of the past, the knowledge that another conflict would have to be fought out, and would put a gulf between the English and the Dutch, and whatever its issue, would still leave the latter a numerical majority at the Cape, make the Jingo party there a small one. Things have changed, too, greatly in the Transvaal. The Boers are not exactly a lovable people, any more than the Scotch Covenanters with whom they have much in common; but it is impossible not to feel admiration for their courage, tenacity, and self-reliance. Ill-educated as a body, and in many respects narrow-minded, their Government is crude, unenlightened, and, I am afraid, very corrupt, yet they have grappled more successfully than we or the Americans ever did with the difficulties of a gold rush.

Two years ago Johannesburg did not exist; twelve months

ago it was little more than a mining camp; to-day it is an ever increasing city of 30,000 inhabitants; but life and property there are safer than in London, and there has never been a time when it was otherwise, though the police force is neither numerous nor obtrusive. There is no rowdyism, no visible prostitution, and no drunkenness in the streets; no one carries a revolver, and the mail coaches, notwithstanding their heavy freight of gold dust, go down without an escort and have never once been robbed. Such a state of things reflects great credit on the watchfulness and quiet vigour of the Government, that is to say of President Kruger, who is even more autocratic than Bismarck is in Germany, and gives close personal attention to every department of the administration. Cromwell is a nearer parallel than Bismarck to this remarkable man; but he has not Cromwell's ambition, and his piety is a great deal more genuine. Though reputed, and probably with truth, to possess considerable wealth, he lives very simply; gives audiences at seven a.m., holds meetings of the Executive Council at eight, eats and sleeps from one till three, and then works again till nine p.m. He is the State: yet his ideal is to rule a simple Calvinistic pastoral community, though at the same time his day dream is a free outlet to the sea. His policy between these rather inconsistent aims is a somewhat short-sighted one: he would like to deal with the heathen on Old Testament principles, and the mineral wealth of his country, its invasion by thousands of pushing foreigners, and the consequent demand for railways are only half welcome to him, and he tries to fight the rising tide by petty acts of self-assertion. But events will be too strong for him. Education is making great strides in the Transvaal, and the white population, which is now about 120,000—of whom the Boers, with their wives and families, are about half, while the remainder are mostly English *men*—will very soon be doubled and trebled, and the increase will be almost entirely English.

Busy men who are making money do not trouble themselves much with politics, but such a preponderance of adults of one speech and one nationality cannot but make itself felt in the government of a country, and if we are patient for a few years, and conciliate Dutch and Colonial opinion, it will be our own fault if English influence—in what will some day be the most important part of South Africa—does not gradually become a very real and practical thing. With such a prospect we can well afford to humour the Boer Government meanwhile, and to indulge both their wishes and prejudices as far as we reasonably can.

At the same time we should have an eye to the future of our own Colonies. Natal and the Cape are much more jealous of each other than they are of their Republican neighbours; nevertheless a general confederation is often spoken of as the ultimate solution of many problems. The main difficulty would be the native question; and on that the Dutch Republics would be slow to agree with the "Man and brother" theory which underlies English policy. One thing, however, is certain. If our South African Colonies separate from the Empire, however amicably, their example will soon be followed; but if the future Dominion is to be under our flag, we must must not adopt a domineering policy, and we must pay a price in advance by exploiting the interior for them, without trying to drive too hard a bargain.

EBRINGTON.

No. II.

"WE have come to the parting of the ways in South Africa—a most critical period in her and our history." So writes Lord Carnarvon in the *Times;* and Lord Knutsford adds, in the House of Lords, that "questions requiring the most careful consideration of the Government have lately arisen in South Africa." Public attention at home has been also arrested by the remarkable speech of our trusted South African authority, Sir Hercules Robinson.

It is of the most direct importance politically, financially, and commercially, to a very great number of persons in the United Kingdom that this new complexity in the South African problem shall be successfully and speedily resolved, and a correct view taken of the higher policy necessary to the prosperity and progress of South Africa. All this is the more urgent in these days by reason of the phenomenal development of South Africa within the last few years, and of the consequent and concomitant increase in the importance, activity, and influence of those in the mother country who hold, or are acquiring, direct stakes in South Africa's prosperity.

The complication as now presented to the home public consists in this: Sir Hercules Robinson, who had, with the concurrence of all parties, remained as Governor for three years beyond the allotted term, makes a leave-taking speech of strongly local colouring. The speech was devoted in part to policy and in part to prophecy, but contained an intimation that Sir Hercules would not accept reappointment as Governor unless the Imperial Government was prepared absolutely to support the policy he advocated. Sir Hercules resigns; his resignation is accepted, and a telegram

appears in the Cape papers, on June 2nd, that he has resigned *because* the Imperial Government does not concur in his policy. On June 3rd Lord Knutsford is explaining in the House of Lords that the resignation must not be taken to imply approval or disapproval on the part of the Government, because the Government has not yet had time to come to a decision in the matter. On June 6th, in Capetown, each House of the local Legislature resolved that "Having learned with regret that the Governor's tendered resignation has been accepted, desires to express its co-oporation in and support of the views enunciated by him in his Capetown speech of the 27th April, and trusts that the future policy of the Imperial Government may be in accordance with those views."

It is, therefore, first of all, of importance to set out what is the policy enunciated in that speech, and, secondly, and of not less importance, to remind ourselves of other details of policy possible or popular in South Africa.

Perhaps the best method of discovering what is Sir Hercules Robinson's policy is to quote his own words, a method not generally adopted in these days of trusting all to popular hearsay and telegraphic summaries.

Sir Hercules makes three main statements. With the *first* of these all who know South Africa will very cordially agree. His words are:—

> "Endeavour to establish on a broad and secure basis British authority as the paramount power in South Africa. . . . The true British policy for South Africa is what may be termed Colonialism through Imperialism; in other words, Colonial expansion through Imperial aid, the Home Government doing what the Colonies cannot do for themselves."

Nothing could be clearer, nothing more in accord with what we have done, are doing, and hope to continue to do in South Africa.

With the *second* of his main statements some authorities disagree. He says:—

"All that the Imperial Government can now do in South Africa is, by means of spheres of influence, protectorates, and Crown Colonies, to gradually prepare the way for handing native territories over to the Cape and Natal, so soon as such transfers can be made with justice to the natives and advantage to all concerned."

As Lord Carnarvon wisely pointed out in the House of Lords, this also has been in effect the policy pursued ever since we have been in possession in South Africa. Nevertheless, there are two classes of reasons, distinct from one another, militating against a too ready transference of native territories to established Colonies. The one reason, to my mind the chief reason, is that it is not in accordance with the wishes or the interests of a young struggling Colony to be burdened with the cares and risks of controlling unsettled native areas. The second reason is one which has great weight with many influential persons. It is that a Colony must have grown to great intrinsic power before such a transference can be made "with justice to the natives and advantage to all concerned." History, however, tells us much. We have seen the Cape Colony very successfully absorb the Gaika country and the Transkei territories. We have seen the area of Griqualand West added to the Cape Colony so soon as diamonds filled that native area with men of European stock. On the other hand, we have seen the Cape Colony endeavour to establish control over Basutoland and fail—leaving a burden of debt of £4,000,000 on the Cape Colony, and a burden of duty, freely undertaken, on the Imperial Government to re-establish Imperial rule and control in Basutoland. History also tells us, a point I will further allude to, that all these acts of the Imperial Government, "spheres of influence, Protectorates, and Crown Colonies," imply continuous drains on the pockets of the taxpayer in the mother country.

The *third* of Sir Hercules' main statements is the one which has, however, induced the most unfavourable criticism. He says :—

"There are three competing influences at work in South Africa. They are Colonialism, Republicanism, and Imperialism. As to the last it is a diminishing quantity, there being now no longer any permanent place in the future of South Africa for direct Imperial rule on any large scale . . . the idea of the permanent presence of the Imperial factor in the interior—of a South African India in the Kalahari—is simply an absurdity. . . . There being, then, no longer any permanent place in South Africa for direct Imperial rule . . . there remain only the permanently competing influences of Colonialism and Republicanism. . . . I venture to think British Colonialism is very heavily handicapped in the issue by the well-meant but mistaken interference of irresponsible and ill-informed persons in England."

Were I to venture on criticising these passages I should say, in paradox, they were at once too local and not sufficiently local—but I would rigidly separate the prophecy from the policy.

The central point on which public attention is concentrated is, however, Sir Hercules' statement that there is no longer any permanent place in South Africa for the Imperial factor, for direct Imperial rule.

This statement has yet to be reconciled with certain very remarkable facts of to-day. A glance at political maps of South Africa in 1889 and 1884 will show an extension of Imperialism over an area in South Africa larger than that occupied by all the other British possessions in South Africa, an extension in five years greater in area than that of the past fifty years. In no previous period of South African history has there been so great an influx of people, of capital, of goods from the mother country, or so wide an extension of annexations, protectorates, and spheres of influence. Speaking in general terms, the Imperial Government has in recent years taken over the direct rule of Basutoland, Bechuanaland, and Zululand; established a protectorate over Northern Bechuanaland; declared Matabeleland and Mashonaland to be within the sphere of British influence; entered into engagements virtually protecting Swaziland and Tongaland against foreign invasion; and enforced international rights in regard to rivers and districts

abutting on the Portuguese possessions. It is also commonly understood that the recent development of the gold industry in South Africa has attracted to South Africa and sent into the Boer Republics a great influx of Europeans who are distinctly non-Boer in their aspirations, enterprise, traditions, and customs.

At the present moment, at all events, the Imperial interests in South Africa—that is the British interests outside the boundaries and beyond the powers of the two British Colonies—are greater than ever before, and compel us to feel and to realise the presence, for long years to come, of the Imperial factor in South Africa. It is no mere question of setting up a South African India in the Kalahari, but of fulfilling the work for which we have become responsible, alike in honour and in duty to our own interests; to establish the *Pax Britannica* over all these districts, and set up the beneficent civilising influence of the Queen's authority. Sir Hercules, as becomes the true statesmen rightly looks into the far future. There is the grave danger that the general public may hastily accept this for the nearer view of the immediate present. But whichever view is taken, the most prominent features in those views must be the actual facts; and the actual facts hardly indicate the proximate disappearance of the Imperial factor in South Africa.

The statesmen and the people of the Cape Colony very cordially acquiesced in the *re*-establishment of direct Imperial rule in Basutoland in 1883. In 1884 they cordially acquiesced in the Bechuanaland expedition. Sir Charles Warren, as the commander of that expedition, and as the Special Commissioner to establish direct Imperial rule over a new area in South Africa, received an ovation in Capetown, and a popular welcome in various parts of the Cape Colony, exceeding anything of the kind known before or since. This was only four years ago. When Zululand was annexed in 1886, and when, last year, Imperial troops were called in to quell rebellious disturbances, the Natal Colonists welcomed this extension of direct Imperial rule. There are difficulties

in the air in Pondoland yet, and in Swaziland, while away in the great districts over which Khame and Lobengula rule the Colonists of the Cape and Natal earnestly hope direct Imperial influence will continue to assert itself for many years to come. Material harm would accrue to financial credit in all things South African if it came to be understood that direct Imperial influence was to be speedily or finally eliminated.

I have talked, free from all restraints of office or position, with all classes of persons in South Africa, and I have travelled far and wide in that country, but I have never heard any local opinion expressed against the expenditure of Imperial money in South Africa. Local opinion, at all events, is well aware of the value of Imperial aid, and local opinion would define Imperialism to be Imperial aid. Cape Colonists found it easy to obtain nearly half a million sterling from the Imperial Parliament for the completion of their railway to Kimberley in 1885. Cape Colonists did not complain while the "home-keeping" taxpayer expended more than a million sterling in annexing to the Empire that country which Sir Hercules so well and truly describes as—

> "That high healthy central plateau, to the north of Cape Colony, which is the gate to the interior of South and Central Africa, of infinitely greater importance than the fever-stricken mangrove swamps on the East Coast, or the sandy, waterless fringe on the West."

In brief, the local view, both in Cape Colony and Natal, is that Imperialism, in the larger sense of Imperial aid, as it has been in the past, is now and will be in the future a necessary and an excellent support and assistance to Colonialism in South Africa. But the Colonists, being essentially men of business, are very well aware that if the Imperial taxpayer contributes the money he must in all fairness be allowed some voice in directing the policy; if he pays the piper he may surely have some voice in calling the tune.

To my mind grave injustice and harm will accrue if the

idea is allowed to gain ground that Imperialism is antagonistic to or opposed to Colonialism in South Africa. I hold strongly to the opinion, held by what I believe to be a great majority of the Colonists in South Africa, that true Imperialism is the complement of Colonialism, its natural counterpart and ally. There have been times when ambitious or avaricious foreign Powers have endeavoured to obtain foothold in temperate South Africa. Imperialism invariably intervened, alike against turbulent natives or foreign invaders. The local view, no less than the view held strongly by many in England, who are the reverse of ill-informed in South African matters, is that the Colonies and States in South Africa may be safely trusted and well encouraged to work out their own political futures, to develop all that Colonialism is capable of, but with the full and ready co-operation of friendly Imperialism in all necessary matters. Colonialism is the effort of the part, Imperialism the effort of the whole; and it is by the mutual co-operation of these two factors of the Empire's progress that the best results are brought about. To speak or to write as if they were in any sense antagonistic is to develop ideas contradicted by facts, and tending to cause trouble and even disaster in the future.

I might add that Sir Hercules is again hardly sufficiently local in speaking as if Colonialism in South Africa were a united and an undivided force. I have myself seen very opposing opinions—a healthy divergence—on pressing local problems, entertained, for instance, at Kimberley and Capetown, or Maritzburg and Capetown. As all the world knows, there is a great Capetown party, the backbone of whose policy annexation of all things South African to Capetown. But, however plausible or right this policy, it is not one generally acquiesced in in other parts of South Africa. Colonialism has its differences of opinion, its divergent parties, and its factions.

Some there are who yet hope for confederation in South Africa. But a first condition is a series of colonies and states

of more or less equal size and importance. Others maintain that confederation will grow step by step, and that the various Governments of South Africa will, as occasion arises, combine for definite purposes. Certainly, invaluable aid towards such a consummation would be given if it were possible to unite all the areas *for the time being* under direct Imperial rule in one administration, clear of, and distinct from, all other administrations. The amalgamation of these districts from time to time and when desirable, in one or other of the self-governing Colonies, is quite another question. What we have to deal with is the undeniable residuum of those areas which are, as a matter of fact, *for the time being*, under direct Imperial rule.

One further consideration remains, and one illustrating that in judging of South Africa we must not take too local a view. Sir Hercules Robinson, in pointing out that he stood at one time alone in advocating the annexation of Bechuanaland to the Cape Colony said :—

"I thought the Cape was bound in honour, at the earliest moment, to relieve the British taxpayer of an expenditure undertaken almost entirely in the interests of the Cape Colonists."

In the first place, this Imperial expenditure is in one sense by no means "almost entirely in the interests of the Cape Colonists." It was undertaken in the interests of the Empire. Without doubt the taxpayers in England looked on the expenditure as affording fresh opportunity for obtaining profits from extended investments and trade, and from increased returns obtainable by a thousand and one channels if the prosperity and progress of the Cape Colony were thereby enhanced. Sir Hercules says the Cape is in honour bound to relieve the British taxpayer of this expenditure. But if the Cape is in honour bound to take over the current annual expenditure, is not the Cape equally in honour bound to take over all the expenditure? If so, we are carried back to a statement of all Imperial moneys expended in South Africa, and we can begin with the original £6,000,000 paid to Holland

some eighty years ago for the Cape Settlements and Guiana. We can add to that the many millions expended from time to time on repelling Kaffir invasions and extending the frontiers of the Cape Colony.

But as a matter of fact these expenditures were not incurred or supposed to be incurred "entirely in the interests of the Cape Colonists." From first to last they were truly Imperial expenditures; moneys freely given by the taxpayer in the mother country with a view to establishing the British Empire, extending British influence, and setting up wherever possible prosperous British Colonies. If a Colony desires to act by itself aloof from such aid and such support, that Colony gives painful proof of having lost its own Imperial spirit; but the masses in the mother country have by no means lost that spirit, and there are ample signs now all over the electorates that they are more ready than ever to assert themselves in upholding the unity and extension of the Empire.

But the Imperial Government must do all it can to aid the self-governing Colony of the Cape and the practically self-governing Colony of Natal to work out their own destinies, especially by relieving them of all anxiety and effort, of all drain in money or men, in regard to troubles or difficulties in neighbouring areas. Imperialism has the men, the money, and the desire to bring the waste places of the earth under the influence of British civilisation, and it is this Imperialism which the Colonists like to see in active operation on their own frontier, this Imperialism which must for long years to come be a practical and active factor in South Africa, and one welcomed by the British Colonist in that part of the world.

GEORGE BADEN-POWELL.

THE EIFFEL TOWER.

THE notion of a tower 1,000ft. in height is not new. It has haunted the imagination of Englishmen and Americans. As early as 1833, the celebrated English engineer Trevitick proposed to construct a cast-iron tower 1,000ft. high, of which the diameter should be 100ft. at the base and 4ft. at the summit. But his project was never put in execution, and was but imperfectly worked out, even on paper.

At the time of the Exhibition at Philadelphia, in 1874, the great American engineers, Messrs. Clarke and Reeves, brought forward a new project. Their tower was to consist of an iron cylinder 9 metres in diameter as nucleus, and supported by a series of metal buttresses disposed round it, and starting from a base with a diameter of 45 metres. This was a distinct improvement on the English project, although it still left room for criticism; and yet the Americans, in spite of their enterprising spirit, and the national enthusiasm excited by this conception, shrank from its execution.

In 1881 M. Sébillot proposed to light Paris by an electric lamp placed at a height of 1,000ft. This idea, which has, in my opinion, no practical value, had no better fate than its predecessors. I need only mention the designs, some in masonry, some in metal-work and masonry combined, others, lastly, in wood, like the proposed tower for the Brussels Exhibition, which were produced at the same time as my own. But all these remained in the domain of fancy, proposals

easy to frame but hard to execute. I come to the project which has been realised.

In 1885, after the studies which my engineers and I had occasion to make with regard to the lofty metal piers which support railway viaducts like that of Garabit, we were led to believe that it was possible to construct these, without any great difficulty, of a much greater height than any hitherto made which did not exceed 230ft. We planned on these lines a great pier for a viaduct, which should have a height of 395ft. and a base of 131ft.

The result of these studies led me, with a view to the Exhibition of 1889, to propose the erection of the tower, now completed, of which the first plans had been drawn out by two of my chief engineers, Messrs. Nouguier and Kœchlin, and by M. Sauvestre, an architect.

The fundamental idea of these pylons or great archways is based on a method of construction peculiar to me, of which the principle consists in giving to the edges of the pyramid a curve of such a nature that this pyramid shall be capable of resisting the force of the wind, without necessitating the junction of the edges by diagonals, as is usually done.

On this principle the tower was designed in the form of a pyramid, with four curved supports, isolated from each other and joined only by the platforms of the different storeys. Higher up only, and where the four supports are sufficiently close to each other, the ordinary diagonals are used.

In June, 1886, a commission nominated by M. Lockroy, then Minister of Commerce and Industry, finally accepted the plans I had submitted to it, and on January 8th, 1887, the agreement with the State and the City of Paris was signed, fixing the conditions under which the tower was to be constructed.

It is needless to state that considerable energy and perseverance were required to attain this result, for there was

much resistance to overcome, and my project had many opponents.

But I was sustained by the belief that what I proposed would contribute to the honour of our national industry and to the success of the Exhibition, and it was not without a legitimate sense of satisfaction that I saw an army of navvies begin, on January 28th, 1887, those excavations at the bottom of which were to rest the four feet of the tower which had never been out of my thoughts for the last two years.

I felt, moreover, in spite of the violent attacks to which my project had been exposed, that public opinion was on my side, and that a crowd of unknown friends were ready to honour this bold enterprise as soon as it took form. The imagination of men was struck by the colossal dimensions of the edifice, especially in the matter of height.

The towers of Notre Dame de Paris reach a height of 217ft.; the Pantheon 260ft.; the dome of the Invalides, which is the highest monument in Paris, 344ft.; Strasburg Cathedral is 466ft.; the Great Pyramid of Egypt 479ft.; the Cathedral of Rouen rises 492ft. from the ground, and is only surpassed by Cologne Cathedral, which, lately completed, attains to 522ft.; but the Americans, again, outdid this by erecting at Washington an immense obelisk in masonry, which reaches a height of 555ft., and was constructed with immense difficulty.

Experience has shown, however, that masonry is not suitable for a construction of the kind. With iron, on the contrary,—of which the properties are so remarkable, since it may be as readily worked in tension as in compression, and can be put together perfectly by rivetting—the execution presented no insurmountable difficulties. Moreover, metal constructions can now be planned with such accuracy as to sanction the boldness which results from full knowledge.

Lastly, without any desire to flatter our national vanity, I may be allowed to say that French industry has held, and still holds, a high place in Europe in the art of building in iron.

Hence the material of which the tower was to be built was determined not only by the fact that it rendered construction possible, but also because it would supply a brilliant example of a modern industry in which France has been more especially distinguished since its introduction.

The base of the tower consists of four great piers, which bear the names of the four cardinal points. The first matter which offered itself for consideration was the question of the solidity of the foundation of these four piers. A series of borings showed that the subsoil in the Champ de Mars was composed of a deep stratum of clay, capable of supporting a weight of between 45lb. and 55lb. to the square inch, surmounted by a layer of sand and gravel of varying depth, admirably calculated to receive the foundations. The actual position of the tower was determined by considerations relative to the depth of this stratum, since it was impossible to rest the piers directly on the clay. The foundation of each pier is now separated from the clay by a sufficient thickness of gravel.

Each of the main supports of the tower rests on blocks of masonry, and the masonry rests on beds of concrete which cover an area of 60 square metres. In the centre of each pile of stonework are two great iron bars 25ft. 6in. in length, and 4in. in diameter, which, by means of iron cramps, unite almost all parts of the masonry. This anchorage, which is not necessary to the stability of the tower—sufficiently assured by its own weight—gives, nevertheless, additional security, and has, moreover, been useful in the construction of the ironwork.

It will be seen from the foregoing description that the foundations are established under conditions of great security, and that in the choice of materials and in the dimensions ample margin has been allowed, so as to leave no room for doubt with regard to their solidity.

Nevertheless, to render perfectly certain that the feet of the tower should remain absolutely level in any event, we have made

room, at the angles of the piers where they rest on the masonry, for hydraulic presses of 800 tons. By means of these presses each pier can be displaced, and raised as much as is necessary by inserting steel wedges beneath it.

The raising into place of the ironwork which forms the upper part of the tower was accomplished by derricks and windlasses. As soon as the piers reached a height of 100ft. their inclination rendered scaffolding necessary to carry on the construction to a height of 169ft., at which point are established the horizontal beams uniting the four piers and forming the skeleton of the first storey. The solid construction of the first platform was a great step towards the success of the work.

The raising of the pillars between the first and second platforms was rapidly accomplished by the same method as that employed between the ground and the first storey: *i.e.*, the pieces of iron were raised by four cranes attached to the beams of the lift placed in each pier.

The work went forward so rapidly that in July, 1888, the four pillars were united by the beams of the second storey, at a height of 387ft., and by the 14th of the month the second platform was fixed, on which fireworks were displayed at the Fête Nationale.

The erection of that part of the tower comprised between the second platform and the summit was carried out by means of the same cranes as had served for the lower part; but these no longer worked on an inclined plane, but were raised along an upright, formed by the central guide of the higher lifts.

The total weight of the ironwork in the tower is rather more than 7,000 tons, without counting that in the caissons, which form a portion of the foundations, or that in the machinery of the lifts.

The different parts of the tower are reached by staircases and lifts. There are easy stairs in the east and west piers, which give access to the first storey, and it is calculated that by using

one for ascent and one for descent they will allow more than 2,000 persons to go up and come down in the hour. From the first platform to the second there are four winding staircases, one in each pier, and from the second platform to the summit there is a single winding staircase, which, however, unlike the others, is not intended for the use of visitors, but for officials only.

On the first platform is a covered gallery, with arcades, whence visitors can enjoy a view of Paris and its environs, as well as of the Exhibition, with four refreshment rooms in the centre—Anglo-American, Flemish, Russian, and French. On the second storey is a second covered gallery; and in the centre is the station where passengers change from the lifts which move on an inclined plane of the lower half of the tower, to the vertical lifts of the upper portion.

On the third storey is a great saloon more than 50ft. square, shut in by glass on all sides, and whence, sheltered from wind and weather, the spectator can contemplate the magnificent panorama, 45 leagues in extent, which is displayed beneath him. Above this room are laboratories and observatories for scientific purposes, and in the centre the winding stair leading to the lighthouse whence the electric light shines over the whole of Paris.

The lifts are on three different systems, and all are provided with breaks, and otherwise ensured against the possibility of serious accident. They are all worked by hydraulic power, and together are capable of conveying 2,350 persons in an hour to the first and second storeys, and 750 to the summit, the whole ascent being effected in seven minutes. If we include the staircases it will be possible for 5,000 persons to visit the tower in the space of an hour.

The tower is now known to the whole world; it has struck the imagination of every nation, and inspired the most remote with the desire of visiting the Exhibition. The Press of all countries confirms this statement, and I have myself received

continual proofs of the universal curiosity and interest excited by the monument.

The visitors who go to the top of the tower have beneath their eyes a magnificent panorama. At their feet they see the great city, with its innumerable monuments, its avenues, its towers, and its domes; the Seine which winds through it like a long ribbon of steel; further off, the green circle of the hills which surround Paris; and beyond these, again, the wide horizon stretching 112 miles from north to south. At night the spectacle is no less beautiful. Paris with all its lights is like fairyland, but in this aspect it has hitherto been known only to aeronauts, on whom its beauty has always made a strong impression. The construction of the tower will enable thousands to contemplate a spectacle of new and incomparable loveliness.

Then, too, for scientific and defensive purposes the gigantic monument will be of great utility. A recent writer, M. Max de Nansouty, says :—

"In case of war or siege the movements of the enemy might be observed from the tower within a radius of 50 miles, and that above the heights which encircle Paris, and on which are constructed our new fortifications. Had we possessed the tower at the time of the siege of Paris, in 1870, with the powerful electric lights with which it will be furnished, who knows if the chances of the strife would not have been profoundly modified? The tower would be a means of constant and easy communication between Paris and the provinces by the aid of optical telegraphy, which has in various forms attained such a remarkable degree of perfection."

The tower is itself at such a distance from the fortifications that it is absolutely out of reach of the enemy's batteries.

It will be, moreover, a wonderful meteorological observatory, whence the direction and the force of atmospheric currents can be usefully studied, from the point of view of science and hygiene, as well as the condition and the chemical composition of the atmosphere, the amount of electricity and moisture it contains, the variations of temperature at different heights, atmospherical

polarisation, &c. It is specially adapted for an astronomical observatory; for the purity of the air at this great height above the low lying mists, which so often cloud the horizon of Paris, will allow of a number of observations often impossible in our climate.

I will not weary my readers with the enumeration of all the experiments to be made on the tower, of which a programme has been already drawn up by our scientific men, and which include the study of the fall of bodies through the air, the resistance of the air to varying velocities, certain laws of elasticity, the study of the compression of gases or vapours under the pressure of an immense mercury manometer of 400 atmospheres, a new realisation on a great scale of Foucault's pendulum, demonstrating the rotation of the earth, the deviation towards the East of a falling body, &c., &c.; lastly, a series of physiological experiments of the deepest interest.

I may even go so far as to say that there are few scientific men who do not hope at this moment to carry out, by the help of the tower, some experiment connected more especially with their own investigations.

Thus it will be an observatory and laboratory such as was never until now at the disposal of science; and from the first all our scientific men have encouraged me with their warmest sympathy. On my side, and in order to express in a striking manner that the monument which I have raised is dedicated to science, I decided to inscribe in letters of gold on the great frieze of the first platform, and in the place of honour, the names of the greatest men of science who have honoured France from 1789 down to our own day.

Besides all these uses, which I might have explained in greater detail, but which, even in this rapid summary, will serve to show that we have not erected an object of barren wonder, the tower possesses in my eyes a usefulness of a totally different order, which is the true source of the ardour which has inspired me in my work.

The public at large understood this, and it is also the reason of the very general and warm sympathy which has been displayed towards me.

My object was to show to the whole world that France is a great country, and that she is still capable of success where others have failed.

The *Scientific American* said, in 1874, with reference to the tower of Philadelphia, destined to celebrate the centenary of the national Independence :—

"The character of the project is closely connected with the purpose of its erection; the hundredth anniversary of our national existence ought not to be allowed to pass without a permanent memorial, which an exhibition lasting a few months cannot furnish.

"It is evident that in the space of two years no monument of imposing aspect and original in conception can be constructed with other material than iron; from every point of view we could not choose a more national construction. We will celebrate our centenary by the most colossal iron construction that the world has seen."

Can we not apply to ourselves these words which, remaining a dead letter in America in 1874, have become for us in France a living reality?

May I be allowed to recall here a few words which I pronounced in inaugurating the first stage of the tower, and which sum up my ideas on the subject :—

"The beginning was difficult, and criticism as passionate as it was premature was addressed to me. I faced the storm as best I could, thanks to the constant support of M. Lockroy, then Minister of Commerce and Industry, and I strove by the steady progress of the work to conciliate, if not the opinion of artists, at least that of engineers and scientific men. I desired to show, in spite of my personal insignificance, that France continued to hold a foremost place in the art of iron construction, in which from the earliest days her engineers have been more particularly distinguished, and by means of which they have covered Europe with the creations of their talent. Doubtless you are not ignorant that almost all the great engineering works of this nature, in Austria, Russia, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, are due to French engineers, and the traveller discovers with pride, as he

passes through foreign countries, the traces of their activity and their science.

"The tower, 1,000ft. high, is, before everything, a striking manifestation of our national genius in one of its most modern developments; and this is one of the principal reasons for its existence.

"If I may judge by the interest which it inspires, abroad as well as at home, I have reason to believe that my efforts have not been unavailing, and that we may make known to the world that France continues to lead the world, that she is the first of the nations to realise an enterprise often attempted or dreamed of: for man has always sought to build high towers to manifest his power, but he soon recognised that the laws of gravity hampered him seriously, and that his means were very limited. It is owing to the progress of science, of the engineer's art, and of the iron industry, that we are enabled to surpass in this line the generations which have gone before us by the construction of this tower, which will be one of the characteristic feats of modern industry."

So it is that I have wished to raise to the glory of modern science, and for the more especial honour of French industry, a triumphal arch as striking as those which earlier generations have raised to honour conquerors.

G. EIFFEL.

THE GREYFRIARS.

FOR a good many years a gradually increasing interest has been felt in the older religious Orders. This has been partly due to the study of art and especially architecture; partly to the numerous valuable publications (such as the Rolls Series and various monastic chronicles) which have, of late, from time to time appeared, and partly to positive changes in religious belief, and the ever wider diffusion of High Church sentiments. Englishmen now fifty years old had little opportunity in their childhood of seeing a monk or a friar. In 1846 the only religious house of men thoroughly established in England was St. Bernard's Abbey, near Loughborough.* Forty-three years have made great changes in this respect, and so widespread has become the interest felt in such communities, that I think a few particulars respecting the most popular and widespread of the mediæval religious Orders—that of the Franciscans or Greyfriars—may not be unwelcome to the readers of the NEW REVIEW.

This religious Order initiated a great innovation. Up to about A.D. 1210, the regular† clergy had been "monks"—almost

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* Then recently erected (Augustus Welby Pugin being architect) for a community of Cistercian monks who still dwell there—now under the rule of their third Abbot.

† The clergy were divided into "seculars" and "regulars." The secular clergy comprised the Bishops, Cathedral Chapters, parish priests, curates, and all clerics subject only to their bishop.

all Benedictines, Cistercians, or Carthusians.* The Franciscans assumed the simple name of "Brothers,"—"Frati,"—and became known as "Friars," an appellation also given to the Dominicans, Carmelites, and Augustinians.

The Dominicans were generally known as *Blackfriars*,† because they wear in church a black cloak and hood over their white habit. The Carmelites were called *Whitefriars*, because they wear a white cloak and hood over their brown habit. The Franciscans were known as the *Greyfriars*, because such was the colour of their habit. They use no cloak in church, and they were, and are, further distinguished by being girt with a knotted cord.‡

Their founder, as almost everyone knows, was St. Francis of Assisium—a saint who has exercised a wider influence and inspired a deeper devotion than has any other Christian since the days of the Apostles. His influence was not exercised in Court rivalries or political struggles. It was a gentle, personal influence elevating the aspirations of individual hearts and aiding each to repress his baser and more selfish tendencies.

A loving admiration for St. Francis has extended far beyond even the limits of the Roman communion. The present writer's personal experience convinces him of this; but it needs no more than a reference to the writings of Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. Stevens, Rev. J. M. Wilson, Dr. Jessop, &c., to prove it. The fact ought not to cause wonder. No other saint has shown so conspicuously and indisputably a heart overflowing with charity—with the

* Each monastery of Carthusians in England was called a "Charterhouse" and in Italy a "Certosa." Such was the well-known "Charterhouse" in the City. A new Charterhouse inhabited by French Carthusians has lately been built near West Grinstead in Sussex.

† The Augustinians (who wear a black habit) were sometimes called "Blackfriars," though they seem to have been more generally known as Austinfriars. The districts in London known as "Blackfriars," "Whitefriars," and "Austinfriars" respectively, indicate the situations wherein the friaries of these three Orders formerly existed.

‡ On which account they were known in France as *Cordeliers*.

most intense love of God and tenderness to his fellow creatures, including even the brute creation.

The true Franciscan spirit is emphatically the spirit of charity; and charity is also the characteristic of the most advanced phase of our present civilisation. The difficult problem, how to benefit our poor materially, without simultaneously injuring them in other ways, is the anxious and arduous study of the choice spirits of our day. It is only in recent years that the claims of the lower animals on our consideration have also been energetically, even passionately, urged; and surely the Society for animal protection might well take St. Francis for its patron.

But though charity, rather than learning, is the leading Franciscan character, the Order may claim a high place as regards intellect, especially its English Province. No less than sixty-seven friars were Professors at Oxford * and seventy-three at Cambridge. Those brilliant and laborious thinkers known as "the Schoolmen" † are now beginning to meet with due appreciation after three and a half centuries of neglect. Of the whole group one mind was admittedly the most acute, the Franciscan Scotus, known as *Doctor Sublissimus*,‡ the fearless critic of St. Thomas Aquinas. But the Franciscan most interesting to the lovers of the critical and experimental sciences of our own day is certainly Friar Roger Bacon. His love for physical science is widely known, but the breadth of his views concerning Holy Scripture is much less so. Aided by him, Robert Elsmere

* The first at Oxford was Adam of the Marsh, especially beloved of the illustrious Bishop Grostete, who was so attached to the Franciscans. His letters (published in the Roll *Monumenta Franciscana*, edited by Dr. Brewer) give us a vivid picture of the England of his day. Repeated applications for English friars were made from abroad and they were sent to act as Professors at Lyons, Paris, and Cologne.

† He who has been termed the father of the schoolmen, Alexander of Hales, was an English Franciscan, as also was Occam of the renowned logical "Razor."

‡ The founder of the philosophical school known as the Scotists. He is believed to have been born in Northumberland in 1274, and he died at Cologne (the University of which he started) in 1308. The chief part of his manuscripts after being paraded about Oxford were burnt there, as "Popish rags," in 1550.

would have had little to fear from his neighbour the Squire, who would have been met by principles capable of discounting beforehand his whole contention.

But in addition to the moral and intellectual claims of the Greyfriars on our sympathy, they possess a special interest on purely historical grounds. Dr. Jessop has written admirably on "The Coming of the Friars." I would invite him to employ his facile and attractive pen in picturing for us "The Going of the Friars." And a sadly pathetic picture he might thus draw. The English Franciscans were widely beloved. Their general poverty shielded them from much of the envy and hostility felt against richer Orders, and the immediate cause of the destruction of the most venerated section of them, the *Observants*, was grateful fidelity to an illused woman and a fallen cause. But many of our readers may be inclined to ask, "Who were the Observants?" Before, then, saying more as to our English Greyfriars, it may be well to give a brief sketch of the evolution of the Order.

St. Francis, who was born A.D. 1182, obtained from Pope Innocent III. a verbal approbation of his rule and Order in 1210. In 1223 this was confirmed by Honorius III. The saint died in 1226, on October 4th, which day is celebrated as his feast throughout the Catholic Church. Besides his friars and nuns, he also instituted what was at first called the "Order of Penance," but which is now known as "the Third Order." This includes men and women, married and single, who live in the world without any external sign of their inner spiritual allegiance, save a certain sobriety of dress and demeanour.

So rapid was the growth of the whole Order that at its first chapter, held by St. Francis only ten years after its foundation, no less than 5,000 friars attended. Forty years later they had 1,400 houses, and in 1680—in spite of losses in Protestant countries — they had augmented to upwards of 100,000 members.

St. Louis of France and St. Elizabeth of Hungary joined the

Third Order in its earliest days, and in the present age it probably includes a greater number of souls than it did in the preceding century. Kings, nobles, philosophers, merchants, small tradesmen, artisans, and beggars are to be found amongst its ranks in Continental Europe, and in our own country it is worthily represented in both Houses of Parliament, on the bench, amongst our barristers, surgeons, and physicians, and our officers of both navy and army.

The rule of life adopted by the first disciples of St. Francis was extremely austere, but by degrees, here and there, relaxations were introduced which called forth many local attempts at a return to primitive strictness of life.

The great convent of Assisi itself became relaxed, but that of St. Mary-of-the Angels (which had ever been considered the headquarters of the Order) maintained the stricter rule.

The great writer St. Bonaventure (known as the Seraphic Doctor), and the celebrated St. Antony of Padua (whose magnificent shrine remains intact in that city) were conspicuous supporters of reform.

In the year 1415 a final split took place, one section of the whole Order adopting the mitigations which had been introduced, especially in the matter of poverty. The members of this section became known as *Conventuals*. They practically reverted to the life of monks and were the owners of many magnificent monasteries and churches. The members of the other section became known as *Observants*. They adhered to the primitive Franciscan customs, and have generally maintained to this day the austerity of their rule.

The division of the Franciscans into these two sections was first officially sanctioned by Pope Martin V. in 1430, and subsequently by Leo X.,* who imposed upon the whole of the

* By his bull "*Ad Statum*," in 1430, Martin V. granted to the Conventuals the dispensations they required, and the General of the whole Order always belonged to the Conventual section till 1517. In that year Leo X. issued his bull "*Ite et vos in Vineam meum*," and decreed that a General was to be chosen from amongst the

Observants the general denomination of "*Friars Minor of the Regular Observance.*"*

In 1525 a reform was started which developed into a third, altogether distinct, section of the Order. Its members became known as Capuchins,† and are distinguished externally by wearing a beard and a long pointed hood.‡ They had no place in England at the time of the Reformation.

The Franciscans came to England in 1224, and soon attained great popularity, spreading far and wide over the land. Their advent was, of course, long anterior to the split between the Conventuals and Observants, so that they cannot be reckoned as having belonged to either, although the magnificent churches they here and there possessed would indicate that the affinity of such monasteries was with the Conventuals. The Observants

Observants to be the "Minister-General," but that the Conventuals were to have a separate head called "Master-General," who was to be confirmed in his office by the "Minister-General."

* Three different groups have formed themselves successively amongst the Observants in response to various local outbursts of zeal. Thus early in the sixteenth century a reform was started in Italy, the followers of which were known as the *Reformati*. Thence they extended into France and Poland. About the middle of the same century another reform was developed in Spain by St. Peter of Alcantara, and its members became known as *Alcantarines*. From the earliest days of the Franciscan Order, certain houses were set apart for retirement and were known as "houses of recollection." From this circumstance the followers of a reform which took place towards the end of the sixteenth century got the name of *Recollects*. At the time of the English Reformation the Observants had not become thus differentiated.

† In 1536 Pope Paul III. approved of this reform and empowered the Capuchins to elect a Vicar-General under the proviso that he was to be confirmed by the Magister-General of the Conventuals, who, in his turn, had to be confirmed by the Minister-General. This proviso was abrogated in 1619, since which time the Capuchins have been allowed a General of their own choosing, without any need of confirmation by either the Master or the Minister-General.

‡ There was for a long time much disputation as to what had been the form of the hood worn by St. Francis himself. Authority at Rome deemed this dispute so idle and objectionable that it was formally forbidden by Alexander VII. in 1658. At the present day any publication which should be issued "*de verâ forma caputii S. Francisci*" would find itself on the Index from the mere fact of its publication. This is a plain demonstration that the placing of a book on the Index need not mean that its contents are judged to be doctrinally mistaken or morally objectionable. It may merely signify that it is deemed inopportune or trivial, so that time should not be uselessly squandered in its perusal.

were distinctly introduced later, as we shall shortly see. Long before their advent, the old-established English Franciscans had a very stately church at York. More interesting, however, was their magnificent friary in London, founded in 1300 by Edward I.; on the site of what is now the Bluecoat School. It had a noble church 300 feet long, and its ample library was the gift (in 1429) of Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor.

The Observants were not introduced into England, as far as is certainly known,* before the reign of Henry VII., who built two or three houses for them, and greatly favoured them, as also did Henry VIII. till his matrimonial difficulties began. Then there appeared to have been seven† such friaries, amongst which were houses at Canterbury, Southampton, Newcastle, Richmond, (in Surrey), and Greenwich. It is concerning the last that we have the most interesting details. Henry VIII. was a great friend to the Greenwich friary, which adjoined the Palace. In 1513 he wrote himself to Leo X. in favour of its friars, declaring his deep and devoted affection for them. They present, he says, "an ideal of Christian poverty, sincerity, and charity; their lives are devoted to fasting, watching, and prayer, and they are occupied in hard toil by night and day, to win sinners back to God."‡ They, however, felt bound in conscience to oppose the King's will both as to his divorce and his headship of the Church in England.

The first public sign of royal displeasure was a letter written by the King in 1532 to the General of the Order, asking that the English Provincial, Blessed John Forest,§ might be removed from his office. Friars Forest, Peto, and Elstow were the most prominent opponents among the Greenwich Friars of the King's

* Tanner says he could find no account of their being here previously.

† According to F. Franciscus and St. Clara (whose family name was Davenport) in his *Historia Minor F. F. Minorum Provinciæ Angliæ*, Douay, 1665.

‡ For authorities, see Gasquet's *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries*, Vol. I., p. 156.

§ One of the English Martyrs recently beatified by Leo XIII.

designs. It was Peto who first openly resisted, and who, preaching before Henry at Greenwich, threatened him with those words from the Book of Kings: "Even where the dogs licked the blood of Naboth, even there shall the dogs lick thy blood also, O King."* It is to Henry's credit that he did no immediate violence, but a few days afterwards Peto and Elstow were brought before the Council, where the Earl of Essex told them that they deserved to be put into a sack and thrown into the Thames. To which threat Elstow replied with a smile, "Threaten these things to rich and dainty folk who are clothed in purple, fare delicately, and have their chiefest hope in this world, for we esteem them not, but are joyful that for the discharge of our duties we are driven hence. With thanks to God we know the way to Heaven to be as ready by water as by land, and, therefore, we care not which way we go."

The King greatly desired to obtain from the Observants an abjuration of the Papal Supremacy, but after his agents had again and again sought, in various modes, to effect this, they were obliged to report: "Sorry we be we cannot bring them to no better frame and order, as our faithful mind was to do for the accomplishment of the King's pleasure." A few days afterwards two carts full of friars were seen passing through the City to the Tower. These were the expelled Observants, four of whose houses had been emptied for this cause. About 200 of them were cast into prison without trial. Fifty died from the hardships they had to endure, while some obtained, through friends, leave to pass out of the realm. Two-and-thirty, chained in pairs, were sent to various prisons in England, where they soon died. Antony Brookby, "a man well skilled in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew," was not allowed to lie down or wash for five-and-twenty days, and would have died, as did Friar Belchiam, of starvation but for friends who supplied him with

* As to the sequel see Gasquet, *Op. cit.* p. 161, note.

food till he was strangled during the night of July 19th, 1537.*

Blessed John Forest died, like More and Fisher, for the Papal Supremacy, but, unlike them, was burnt alive at Smithfield on May 22nd, 1538, Bishop Latimer preaching at his martyrdom. The wood used to burn him consisted in part of an image of a warrior saint called Darvel Gadarn, which had been highly venerated in North Wales.

The English Observants were greatly diminished in numbers and scattered, but by no means crushed. Queen Mary had hardly ascended the throne when they returned. The Queen refounded their house at Greenwich, where Friar Elstow became Superior. In 1554 Cardinal Pole was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury in their church. The Queen also restored the friaries of London and Southampton.

The year after the accession of Queen Elizabeth they were all again expelled, though the Queen had been herself baptised in the church of the Observants at Greenwich. Thus the first English Province came to an end after an existence of 330 years; but its official seal was preserved and handed down, as we shall shortly see.

One friar appears to have been permitted to live peacefully in England long after the expulsion of all his brethren. This was Brother John, commonly known as the "old beggar," whose high repute for virtue induced the Earl of Derby to obtain letters of protection for him from Queen Elizabeth, by which he was authorised to wear his grey habit in public when the Penal Laws were in full force. He died in 1590 and was buried in Layland Churchyard.† He was the last to wear publicly the Franciscan habit in England until our own day—unless perhaps during the short reign of James II.

The surviving friars were dispersed on the Continent and in

* See Gasquet, *Op. cit.*

† See *Lives of the Saints and Blessed of the Three Orders of St. Francis.* Published by the Franciscan Convent, Taunton. Vol. IV. p. 362.

Ireland, and Englishmen from time to time entered the Order abroad. A surviving English friar, in 1614, gave the habit to one John Jennings, who persuaded several students of the English College at Douai to join him, and after opening a small house at Gravelines, established the Friary of St. Bonaventure at Douai. Afterwards, having had handed over to him the official seal of the extinct first Province, a succeeding, second, Province was regularly organised in 1625, under his rule. By favour of Queen Henrietta Maria and King James II., this second Province maintained a chequered life, its members occasionally having to undergo imprisonment, and some being put to death, as were Thomas Bullaker, Francis Bell, John Woodcock, John Wall, and Charles Mahony. In 1729 Friar Paul Atkinson died in prison, after thirty years' confinement, and he appears to have been the last who so suffered. The members of the Province served different missions, and opened various schools,* but it was impossible for them to live anywhere and keep their rule as a regularly organised community, and the destruction of their friary at Douai at the French Revolution was a fatal blow. An attempt was made in 1818 to establish a Novitiate at Aston Hall by favour of Cardinal Weld, but in 1823 it was given up; and the old friars gradually died off, and in 1839 the second English Province came to an end after a struggling life of 214 years. The last member was Father Patrick O'Farrel, who lived for thirty years acting as a missionary priest at Bristol, having in his care the official documents and effects of the Province.

Soon after the establishment of the present Catholic Hierarchy, in 1851, a great desire was felt to have Observant friars once more in England. Accordingly some were introduced from Belgium, in 1858, and Father O'Farrel and three other friars who still survived, made over to them the seals of the two old Provinces, together with all the official documents saved from Douai. Their number was soon augmented in this

* One of these was at Edgbaston.

country, and friaries were successively opened at Manchester, Glasgow, Stratford, and Upton; but the Province was not reconstituted, and no separate house in Great Britain yet existed to serve as a Novitiate. The future therefore still remained uncertain. The year 1887, however, saw the formal reconstitution of the Order here, and the regular organisation of a third English Province, with Father David Fleming as Provincial. This year has already seen the beginning of the last step needful to ensure growth and perpetuation of the Order in England—the first beginning, that is, of its Novitiate.

As we have seen, the great historical house of the old English Observants was at Greenwich, and their houses at Canterbury and in Surrey were also within what is now the Roman Catholic diocese of Southwark. Into that region the Observants are now once more entering. At Blackheath (not near Greenwich but near Guildford) they are about once more with the greatest care to reunite the threads of tradition severed 330 years ago. It is proposed to build a Novitiate (with a church dedicated to the Holy Spirit) in the style in vogue at the time of Queen Mary's death—the latest "Perpendicular."* There, at Greyfriars, Chilworth, conventual Mass and office will be daily sung (the friars rising for matins a little after midnight), and there the martyr of their old Greenwich house, Blessed John Forest, will have his image and be publicly honoured and worshipped on each recurring 22nd of May.

To men who are true lovers of freedom, though they be neither Catholics, nor even Christians, such manifestations of the religious liberty which it is the happy privilege of Englishmen to enjoy, should be truly gratifying. In France and amongst Continental so-called Liberals, religious "liberty" means liberty to insult and outrage religion, but rigorous bonds and restrictions for those who would promote it. In

* The English Observants could have erected no building save in the Perpendicular style, as at their coming the middle pointed Gothic had already passed out of fashion.

the English-speaking world, which Providence seems to have destined for predominant diffusion, it is indeed, most happily, otherwise. We all recognise that no man has religious freedom who is not free to obey inoffensive precepts and to promote by peaceful persuasion and example the cause he has at heart. The freedom of the religious Orders to live and grow is the surest sign of the presence of such religious freedom, and certainly no Order may better claim this freedom than that of the sons of St. Francis, the disciples at once of Scotus and of Roger Bacon. Indeed I must conclude this notice of a process of evolution begun 680 years ago, by expressing my conviction that religion, science, both physical and philosophic, the first principles of philanthropy and due consideration for even the irrational world of life, may all find their purest and noblest expression through the spirit and teaching of that most attractive saint who could say with emphatic and literal truth those remarkable words of St. Paul :* "*Ego autem stigmata Domini Jesu in corpore meo porto.*"

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

* Gal. vi. 17.

THREE TYPES OF WOMANHOOD.

SARAH THE IMPERIOUS WOMAN.
REBEKAH THE WORDLY-WISE.
RACHEL THE WELL BELOVED.

THE characters of these three remarkable Women in the Old Testament are so slightly portrayed in proportion to the interest they inspire, that the contemplative mind feels almost involuntarily led to attempt to reconstruct them for itself from the indications afforded, and finds that interest much deepened in the effort by the close analogies thereby developed with individualisms of our own times. Sarah, the "Princess," is perhaps the one concerning whom we have the least direct information, yet how clearly does her outline stand out from a somewhat hazy background. This proud woman, so fair to look upon that her timid husband twice vainly sought for his own safety to conceal the nature of their relations; so aggrieved by persistent sterility; and so unsparing in her harsh treatment of the presumptuous Hagar when the latter rashly essayed as a fruitful vine to overshadow the barren fig tree,—how vividly can we imagine her in the tempestuous scene which caused her handmaid to flee in terror from her face! And again when during her enforced resignation of mind, she sullenly overheard the promise made to Abraham of her impending maternity, does not the hard laugh of this unbelieving matron tell its own tale of long-standing and bitter disappointment? The tardy maternity, moreover, when at last vouchsafed, does not appear to have mitigated her despotic tendencies, though at this distance of time

we shall never know with certainty if she partly imagined, or actually beheld, the covert mockery of young Ishmael and his undisciplined mother directed at herself and her newly weaned child; but admitting its utmost reality, surely a mother at the full tide of unlooked for happiness might, on such an occasion, have deemed the offence scarcely worth noting, or at the worst sufficiently requited by dignified rebuke. Not such the judgment of our imperious Princess; a personal offence against herself was beyond the pale of forgiveness, and despite the grieved remonstrances of Abraham, her rancour could only be appeased by the immediate casting out of the transgressors into the lone wilderness, there to perish or survive as circumstances might determine. One would fain have had another glimpse of Sarah during her ensuing thirty-seven years of motherhood and life, to be enabled to surmise if any relenting crept later into her bosom; if she ever cared to make inquiry as to the fate of the expelled bondswoman and her boy, and felt it perchance a relief to know that the responsibility of a cruelly premature end to either, did not after all rest on her head. But this is more than we are assisted even to conjecture, and no suggestion warrants the hope that further lapse of time softened that vindictive spirit, which a course of ninety years had already failed to achieve: yet two points must not be omitted in her favour: one that her husband wept and mourned for her at the close of life, the other that her son needed comforting by his wife after the death of his mother. Of how many of the legion of Sarahs, with uncontrolled tempers and ungoverned tongues in modern life, could even thus much be recorded?

Of Rebekah, the incarnation of worldly wisdom, we are able to judge more comprehensively, though not, I fear, more favourably; her good looks were equally above the average, and were, we may well believe, much enhanced by attractive manners. Her high-bred gracefulness, too, was no doubt conspicuous as she tripped to the well with a lightly

poised pitcher on her shoulder, and it is edifying to mark the obliging alacrity with which she ministered to the thirst, first of a mysterious stranger, and then spontaneously to that of his poor camels! Amiability habitually supplies in the Worldly-Wise Embodiment the place of feeling, and we learn, therefore, without surprise, her readiness to fulfil the steward's request of cutting short the affectionate leave-takings which her family sought to prolong, and to set forth, already laden with golden offerings, to complete the first historical *mariage de convenance* on record. No tutoring did this inexperienced young girl require as to propriety of demeanour in her exceptional position, when, as she lifted her eyes while journeying along, she perceived a figure in the distance which she felt instinctively (and the instincts of Rebekahs seldom err!) to be that of the master of her destiny. Equal at once to the occasion, she enshrouded herself in her veil, and hastily alighting proceeded to make obeisance to her lord with that skilful blending of bashfulness and *empressement* always so irresistible to his sex, and which in this instance reaped full measure of success; for we are immediately told that Isaac loved Rebekah. Of her sentiments towards him no mention is made then or later, and it is only fair to Rebekah to bear in mind their difference of age, her bridegroom being then forty, and one who to his sterling virtues as dutiful son, and (for those days) unusually faithful husband, may possibly not have added the more brilliant qualifications of a hero of romance. One of his tendencies appears, indeed, to have been towards gastronomy, if we are to take at all literally the given reason of his affection for his eldest born—Esau, the hunter and provider of venison. But in default of halo of romance, Isaac had a right to expect from his warmly welcomed young bride a feeling of attachment, increasing as years rolled on, and a reliableness on which, as the infirmities of age overtook him, he might rest with all security. That she proved herself to possess these qualities there is no evidence. Isaac's home life seems to have been

comfortably organised, his servants were kept in better order than those of his father proved to be on various occasions, and his wife—in the natural fitness of things—was an excellent cook; nay, more, when their eldest son brought "grief of mind" upon his parents by contracting two objectionable marriages, we do not read of Rebekah exhibiting the violence of temper which Sarah might have displayed on similar provocation, and apparently all worked smoothly on the surface. But it was the smoothness that comes of hardness, not softness; in all these years, throughout her married life, we know of but one tender emotion in Rebekah's breast, her love for Jacob, the "supplanter," and her youngest son. For him she thought and schemed, almost from his childhood we are justified in assuming; for the prompt craftiness with which he drove a hard bargain for food with a hungry brother, gives circumstantial proof of a long course of maternal training. It accords well, too, with her character, that Rebekah should later, undetected, have overheard Isaac's injunctions to Esau (very little occurred in that household, probably, which Rebekah did *not* overhear or see!), and at once have found in the Patriarch's extremity of blindness, her long sought opportunity of wiliness. A sadder domestic scene than that which followed can scarcely be realised. No written details are needed to shadow out this terrible collapse of family confidence and happiness; the great and bitter cry of Esau almost rings in our ears; the pitiful and exceeding trembling of his aged father is as it were present to us. Did this stir no contrition in the plotting wife and mother? It is to be feared not, for when her triumph was turned, by the fierce hatred of his injured brother, into apprehension for the safety of that younger son whom she had beguiled into treachery, she was ready at once with a fresh manœuvre, and a few well chosen words of alarm about the neighbouring sirens of Heth, again carried her point with her yielding husband. Here she passes from our ken, and if pangs of remorse visited her in the sorrow of this life-long separation

from the one object of her affections we are not told it. We read of the death of Deborah, her nurse, many years afterwards, and of her honoured burial beneath the "Oak of Weeping," but of Rebekah there is no further sign; with the abrupt termination of the schemes of this worldly-wise woman, she drops, so far as we are concerned, into the waters of oblivion and they close over her. But if the Rebekah of ancient days has passed away, her type is living among us still; we meet, converse, eat and drink with her daily. Ah! let us do anything save trust her! She will bear us no enmity, wish us no evil, and it maybe evince a certain measure of friendliness; but let the moment arrive when, from the force of circumstances, we lie in her path, and with that moment our doom is assured. Close relationship will not avail, long intimacy not serve, utter helplessness not protect us; relentlessly and stealthily the Worldly-Wise Woman will glide on her tortuous way, leaving those who confided in her betrayed like her sightless husband, or despoiled like her eldest son.

As the passage from arid desert to fertile plain is grateful to the outward senses, so is the transition from the study of Rebekah to the contemplation of Rachel, refreshing to the inner perceptions. Sweet, lovely Rachel, whose life all too short for the happiness of one, is embalmed in fragrant memory for the benefit of many. What a poem is her story, how nearly perfect her character! Surely a more touching idyll has never blessed this prosaic earth, and the more we consider it the more does it impress itself upon our mind. Her early years might be thought uninteresting by the rising generations of these stirring times, as they slipped by in the fulfilment of unvarying duties, and the society of near kindred, but truly if ever "the daily round, the common task, could furnish all one ought to ask," they did so in the case of this simple Eastern maiden. And if she never knew the glitter and turmoil of modern society, which of its votaries, we may well ask, can claim to have been the heroine of an episode that for deep, intense, excitement even approaches the wooing

of fair Rachel? Picture her to yourself coming unconsciously with her flock of sheep to a monotonous evening task as she deemed, but in reality to meet her destiny in the person of a handsome unknown youth, prompt with his services to lighten her labours, and not backward to claim the privileges of relationship. Imagine, too, if you can, in all the charming details, the seven years of exquisite happiness which thenceforward constituted the glorious springtime of her life; imagine the daily foregatherings at this eventful well, possibly their sole opportunities of intercourse (for Jacob was a hard toiler then), and think of these young lovers each living through the long working hours in the expectancy of these meetings; conceive their innocent plannings to extend them by arriving a little before, and remaining a trifle behind, the busy throng of shepherds, and sum up all by the inexhaustibly suggestive passage that "these seven years seemed unto Jacob but a few days for the love he had to her." Think of two thousand five hundred and fifty-five days seeming but a few, to one of the rising young men of his time, though spent in unsparing labour, without the relaxation of club life, the distractions of racing, drinking, gambling, or any other extraneous diversion, all for love of one sweet maid! Aye, and seven more years to boot, undertaken once again for her dear sake. What a lesson of constancy! Jacob's untiring affection for Rachel during her life, and for her offspring after her death, seems indeed to have been the one shining attribute of his character, which in many other respects does not greatly commend itself to our approval. But whatever his shortcomings as son, brother, and son-in-law (the latter be it remembered, to a far from estimable father-in-law), the care of her was ever his first consideration, as later that of her sons—not always judiciously exhibited—proved to be. Once only do we know of his turning upon her in her petulant lamentations over her barrenness, and even the reproof savoured almost as much of sorrow as of anger, albeit unforeseeing that the heart-sickness of hope deferred, which lay so